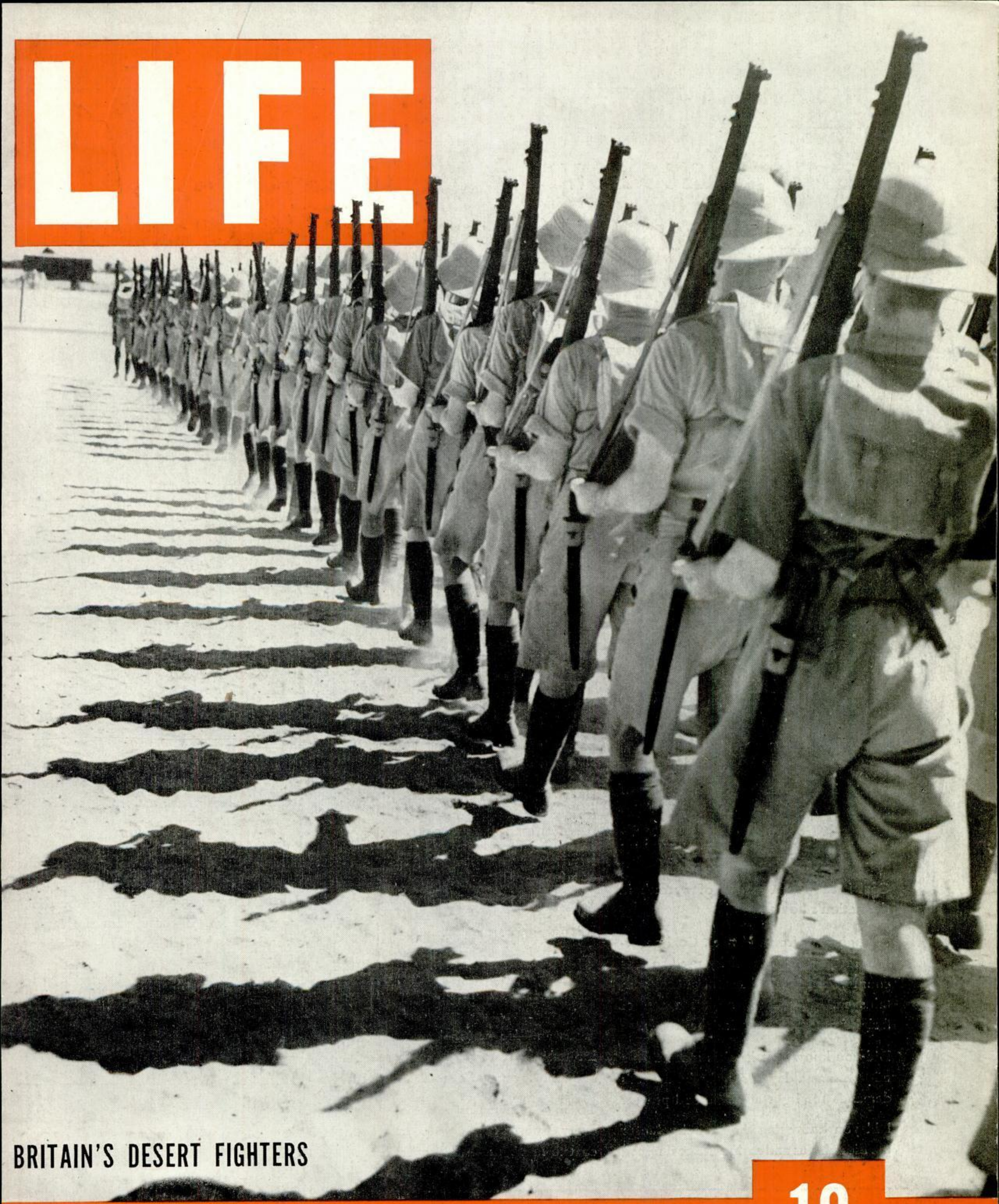
LIFE



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Plaster-Cast Technique

Sirs:

Thanks for your very fine illustrated story about my work in closed plaster-cast surgery (LIFE, Dec. 9). The day the article appeared I received a letter from Dr. Trueta, whom you mentioned as experimenting with this method during the Spanish Civil War. He is now in England carrying on his experiments. I enclose extracts from the letter:

"Since the retreat from Dunkirk I have been able to see, in a hospital here in Oxford, over a hundred wounded soldiers treated with the 'closed' technique, and in spite of the novelty of the method for the majority of British surgeons, the results have been very satisfactory. None of the soldiers I have seen has been lost, and not one amputation has had to be effected. Among these wounded soldiers there were several serious infections as a consequence of wrong treatment, mainly primary sutures; but when the right lines were followed all the results have been the same.

Perhaps by the time you receive this letter you will have read the article published in *The Lancet* of Sept. 21 in which two South African surgeons gave an account of the results they obtained from the technique we recommend; among 84 wounded soldiers treated with careful operation, good drainage and plaster, not one of them lost either life or limb. I have been told that other surgeons will publish similar statistics.

The most surprised are the bacteriologists. Dr. Spooner, the bacteriologist in charge of the Cambridge laboratory, came to see me some time ago and told me that when changing the plaster of two soldiers who had been playing games with fractured limb he found a surprising growth of *Bacillus welchii*. The same fact has been observed by other specialists and now several competent bacteriologists are devoting much time to the investigation of the changes of bacterian flora in wounds treated with plaster as a unique 'antiseptic.'

I think your method must be of great utility in the moment when America is organizing her Army and I hope the experience of the war in my country will be considered, as has been the case in Great Britain. The only difficulty comes from the insufficient knowledge of the details of technique possessed by the majority of young surgeons. A short course of three months teaching the officers of the Army Medical Corps ought to produce the same great improvement that was obtained in my country."

H. WINNETT ORR, M.D.

Lincoln, Neb.

● Many thanks to Drs. Trueta and Orr for such interesting comments on a vital medical problem.—ED.

New Soldiers

Sirs:

What a comedown! Here it is a big day for me when I am accepted in the U. S. Army and also a big day when I have my picture taken by LIFE (Dec. 9 issue) just as I am getting innoculated for typhoid fever and getting some other kind of injection. But

PVT. MILITELLO GETS INJECTIONS

then what do you do? You call me by the wrong name. . . Sam Arcadipan. Sirs, I beg to tell you that the guy in your frontispiece, getting stuck by those needles, is no one else but me!

THOMAS J. MILITELLO

Co. E, 174th Infantry
Fort Dix, N. J.

● Sorry, Tom.—ED.

Sirs:

My morale is completely broken down. I am heading for the South Seas. No cold-blooded Army doctor is going to give me a typhoid injection like *that*.

PETER C. PARFITT

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

As I looked at the picture of new soldiers, I could not fail to note the serious and hapless expression on the faces of these fine young boys. Why should there be any other expression, for here in these faces is depicted not the vision of crusaders on a glorious mission, but just heartsick lads from farm and home who serve and ask not why.

And how forcibly does it recall to memory those days of '17 and 20 years thereafter of a sanitarium, a green mound in the Fort Snelling Cemetery, and the little corporal, brother of mine, who like so many others gave all that this might not happen again.

J. L. O'BRIEN

St. Paul, Minn.

Sirs:

Beneath a picture captioned "America Honors Its War Dead With $4,300,000 Worth of Marble," LIFE, Aug. 30, 1937, cynically stated: "Nothing in all the clipped and ordered memorial calm is allowed to remind visitors of the way men once hung there on barbed wire with gaping wounds, writhed in the mud with legs and arms blown away, screamed

"$4,300,000 WORTH OF MARBLE"

and gagged on mustard gas, cursing God and crying for their mothers, dying to make the world safe for democracy."

In 1940, LIFE has changed its tune. It is on the bandwagon for a war again to "save the world for democracy," and wants us to be honored with more marble.

GEORGE FREDERICKS

Boston, Mass.

Secret Nazi Speech

Sirs:

I congratulate you on printing the "Secret Nazi Speech" by Reich Minister Darré which appears in your Dec. 9 issue.

JOSEPH B. MACLEAN

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am convinced that you performed a great public service in publishing the account of the speech by Nazi Minister Darré.

It is not sufficiently understood in the U.S. that, while the prospects of the Germans being able to seize the gold reserves of the U.S. by means of military action are slight, yet if Germany should succeed in its conquest of England and the rest of Europe, America's gold would be very seriously endangered by a balance of trade against this country, which would be created by Germany's domination of both finance and commerce. Germany considers the gold reservations, which were established in this country by the European nations, as rightfully its own and the balance it expects to acquire through currency manipulation.

This is the secret motive behind the German policy to dominate Europe, Africa and sea routes of the world. If it accomplishes its purpose, even though the U.S. never fires a gun, yet we would be obliged to surrender our entire foreign commerce to German dictatorship, if Germany should succeed in winning the war.

JAMES M. WITHEROW

Moorhead, Minn.

Sirs:

Your story, "Secret Nazi Speech," is obviously nothing but British propaganda which again swamps the entire American press with stories of atrocities, with wilful distortions of facts and brazen lies.

ALBERT DEGENER

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

. . . I believe you have reached an all-time high in contempt for the intelligence of the average American.

HENRY VICKERS

Alturas, Calif.

Sirs:

As an American, I must answer Reich Minister Darré's boast of world conquest, American humiliation and the degradation of Man with a personal declaration of war on Nazi Germany—and its "allies!"

DEMOCRACY FOREVER!

BERNARD MARSHALL

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

The furious German denials of the authenticity of your account of Darré's speech mean only that a hit bird flutters.

Darré stated only obvious facts but said them bluntly. In plain English, Hitler's "ultimatum," "new order," "peace offer," "loyal collaboration," his "Message to the World," however euphemistically phrased, mean only Slavery or Death.

The defiant cry of courage, at Dunkirk, in London, in the Pindus Mountains, on the Burma Road—Liberty or Death!—is the detonating force that will explode the dynamite in the hearts of millions enslaved by fear.

B. A. MORTON

New York, N. Y.

● As expected, Germany *did* deny the story, said it was British propaganda. Their denials, however, were made to sound foolish by the Führer himself. In his Dec. 10 speech Hitler echoed Darré's statement that Germany had been "robbed" of its gold by the U. S. Hitler's version: "Our gold was robbed and squeezed out of us." Endorsing Darré on the threat of war against U. S., Hitler lumped Americans, English and French together as the enemy "world," explained further, "Two worlds are in conflict, two philosophies of life . . . Our capacity for work is our gold, our capital, and with it we shall defeat the entire world . . . . I believe one of these worlds must crack up." The party line for American Nazis is now not dissimulation but candid threats. —ED.

Happy Ending

Sirs:

If marriage is the happy ending LIFE prescribes for White Collar Girls, then here is a footnote for your file. It concerns the two

MILKMAN'S MATINEE

anonymous ladies who posed with Carol Lorell for the "milkman's matinee" picture in LIFE's *Kitty Foyle* feature of last March, reprinted in the Dec. 9 issue.

These two girls, with another not photographed, supplied the apartment selected by LIFE as a typical working-girl's ménage. The one in the center, with face cream and mirror, is Miss Doris Gaskill of New York, who will be married in January. The other one (did sharp-eyed Sam Wood notice her engagement ring?) was married last August —to me.

ROBERT C. DYER

Covington, Ky.

Uncle Looey

Sirs:

Until the other morning I was just a fairly mediocre associate editor on the Ohio State *Sundial*. But now I am haunted with fame. Fame, spelled with a big capital F. All because you ran my Uncle Looey cartoon, with your story on Mary Bunner (LIFE, Dec. 9).

Uncle Looey owes his pre-eminence on campus today to LIFE. Within 24 hours

after his appearance on the newsstands, I received a score of wires, postcards, phone calls, asking me would I design Uncle Looey Christmas cards. The Columbus *Tribune* adopted him as their gossip column's official heading. From a poor, starving artist, I was transformed into a big business tycoon. Thank you, oh, thank you! And I thought it happened only in the movies. . . .

GERRY TURNER

Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Fierce Tempest

Sirs:

Are you quite correct in saying (LIFE Nov. 25, p. 36) that the storm of Nov. 11 was "the fiercest tempest ever known on America's inland seas"?

People around here still talk of the storm of Nov. 11, 1911, which did far more damage on Lake Huron. It is said that every boat on the lake went down.

KATHERINE McCLURE ROEHL

Croswell, Mich.

● The storm of Nov. 11, 1911 while severe did comparatively little damage. Perhaps Reader Roehl refers to the storm of Nov. 8–11, 1913. At that time 235 sailors drowned. Testimony of sailors was that waves on the Great Lakes were at least 35 ft. high.—ED.

Patriotic Dollars

Sirs:

THANKS FOR PUBLISHING PICTURE OF CHORUS RECEIVING PATRIOTIC SILVER DOLLARS FROM PAYMASTER (LIFE, DEC. 9). BUT PLEASE, PLEASE INFORM YOUR READERS THAT IF THEY WANT ONE OF THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE CELLOPHANE-JACKETED DOLLARS, THEY MUST SEND A DOLLAR OF UNCLE SAM'S BEST CURRENCY. REQUESTS FOR DOLLARS ARE POURING IN AND THEY ARE NOT *SOUVENIRS*. ANOTHER WEEK & WE WILL HAVE TO HOCK THE GIRLS' COSTUMES.

EARL CARROLL

Hollywood, Calif.

● Judging by the brevity of his girls' costumes, Mr. Carroll won't get much if he hocks them.—ED.

Draft in Puerto Rico

Sirs:

As an American citizen born and resident in Puerto Rico, I wish to inform you that Mr. C. R. Rodriguez' opinion on military service (LIFE, Nov. 25, p. 6) does not represent the sentiment among citizens of this island. On Nov. 20, Registration Day, every male Puerto Rican, required to register, gladly and willingly presented himself for and submitted to registration without protest.

OSVALDO RODRIGUEZ PACHECO

Moca, Puerto Rico

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Radical CHANGES in this year's tax laws mean that:

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Over a quarter million taxpayers have used this book in previous years to keep their taxes down. Thousands this year will now welcome and use the NEW 1941 EDITION of

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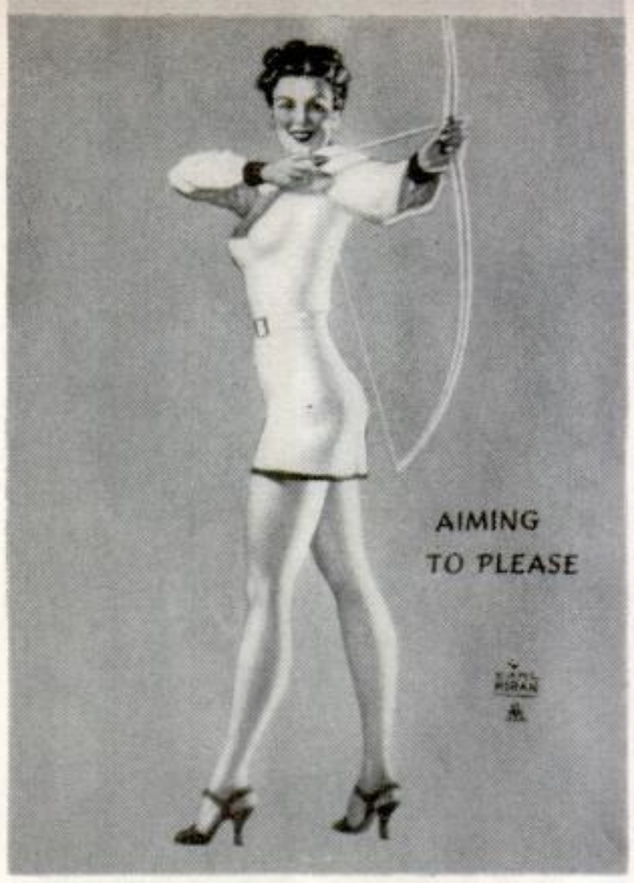
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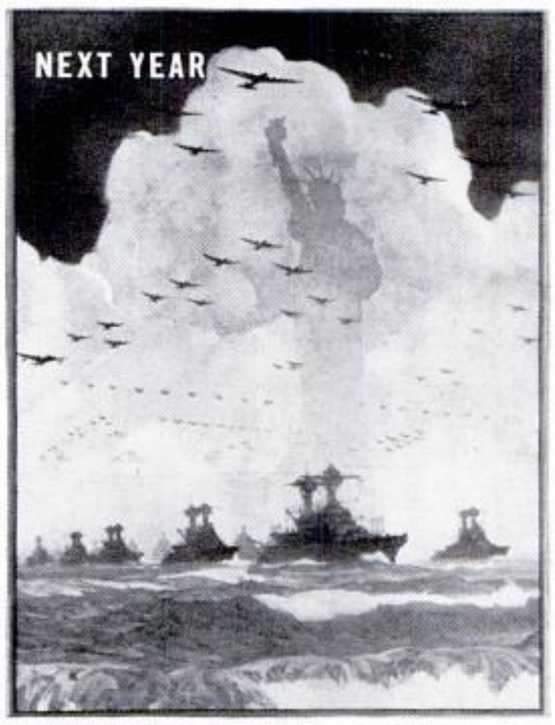
PRETTY DUCKY

A POPULAR NUMBER

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

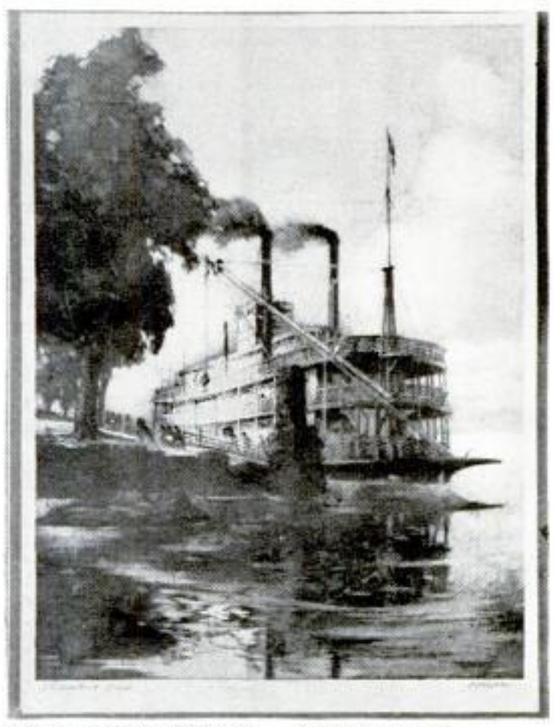
EASY ON THE EYES

A SIGHT TO SEA



National Defense theme made this 4th most popular of Brown & Bigelow's 1941 output.

"Dionne Quintuplets" is top 1941 favorite, surpassing such standbys as Boy & Girl Scouts, Lawson Wood animals, pastorals, girls, even Man's Best Friend.



"Steamboat Days," by A. F. Mettel, is a sample of the best type, ranks ninth in 1941 sales.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THESE ARE SAMPLES OF POPULAR CALENDAR ART

Like the mail-order catalog and the can opener, the gaudily illustrated calendar is a staple and traditional household article in millions of U. S. homes. Almost always it is a gift from one of the advertisers who last year bought more than $10,000,000 worth, bringing special joy to the hearts of Brown and Bigelow of St. Paul, Minn., America's largest calendar maker. Since 1896 Brown & Bigelow have been making every conceivable type of calendar, in sizes varying from a postcard to an indoor billboard. Put up on office, parlor, bedroom or kitchen wall, in plumbers' shops, bars and grills, they shed an interesting light on the public's taste in this, its greatest source of decorative art.

Calendar art favorites do not change quickly, although an upstart newcomer, the *Dionne Quintuplets* (*above*), has now edged a previous leader, a Boy Scout rescuing a little girl, into second place. Third place goes to a deep-hued reproduction of Maxfield Parrish's *Village Brook*. Brown & Bigelow like to recall possibly their greatest calendar, *Dream Girl*, by Rolf Armstrong, a picture that was subsequently further immortalized as the trade mark of KissProof lipstick. Another success was the Catholic calendar, which long outsold other numbers in their religious line.

Perennial best-sellers, however, are girl designs. An early favorite in this line was the *Indian Girl*, whose beautiful if non-aboriginal face kept cropping up by interesting coincidence on her successors, *Cleopatra*, *The Hawaiian Girl* and *Helen of Troy*. During the last seven years, however, since Brown & Bigelow created an innovation in the industry and took over the exclusive services of Artist Earl Moran, a new calendar girl has appeared. Moran's girls, who fill the page opposite, are all extremely attractive and usually lightly clad. While calendar people do not like to dwell upon the girl motif, which they say "is not as truly representative" as their "human interest" subjects, the fact that most calendar buyers are males insures Artist Moran a large continuing niche in popular American art.

THIS YOUNG GIRL SOLD EMULSION IN 1888

1887 CALENDAR GAVE ADVICE TO MOTHERS IN THREE LANGUAGES

1883 CALENDAR USED CHILD TO SELL SHOES

1902 CALENDAR EMPHASIZED SALES STORY

THIS ONE FROM 1880 PROVED STRENGTH OF COATS' THREAD

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES
(continued)

Earl Moran and Model Hope Chandler display calendar for which she posed. Like other Moran models, she got $5 an hour, is now married to W. R. Hearst's son, David.

Moran's daughter, Peggy, 22, has occasionally posed for her father, who says, "She'd be the ideal calendar girl." Peggy now has her first starring role in the movies.

LIFE'S PICTURES

Caught on the final beat of a waltz break with the master, George Karger, who took the pictures of Fred Astaire on pages 36 and 37, is shown beaming at his own camera.

Karger, who has photographed enough dancers to qualify as an expert, came back from South Carolina with the report that he had found the world's most perfect material for dance pictures. In the first place, Astaire's every motion is so graceful that it is impossible to photograph him in an awkward position. In the second, due to Astaire's movie training, the camera never caught him with an arm in front of his face. "With some dancers you have to wait for hours," he said, "but with Astaire, every motion made a picture."

Between pictures, Karger won the confidence of Fred Jr. by doing sleight-of-hand tricks with rubber balls.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (*left to right, top to bottom*), and line by line (*lines separated by dashes*) unless otherwise specified.

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43—*T.* SERVICE CINEMATOGRAPHIC DE L'ARMEE
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46—*T. rt. and 2nd from t. lt.* INT.
47—DEVER *from* B. S.—DEVER *from* B. S.—PIX
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Vol. 9, No. 27

LIFE

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December 30, 1940

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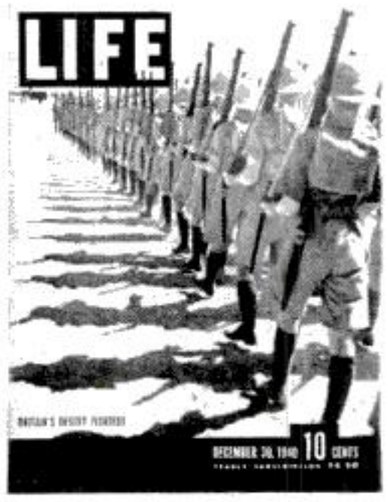

LIFE'S COVER. The column of sun-helmeted soldiers scuffing the sand across the cover is part of the British Army of the Middle East who early this month hit the Italian Army in the western desert of Egypt a stunning surprise blow. They fought in sand. Even in this so-called rainy season the desert is cruelly dry and hot. War is fought with water. At one point in the attack, the advance British patrols were down to minimum rations of water, had to win to get more. For more on the war now being fought in North Africa, see page 16.

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At the very first sniffle, sneeze, or sign of a cold put just a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. If used in time, Va-tro-nol's stimulating action actually helps prevent many colds from developing.

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And so the Mercury was built to give new answers by introducing new ideas to the big-car field.

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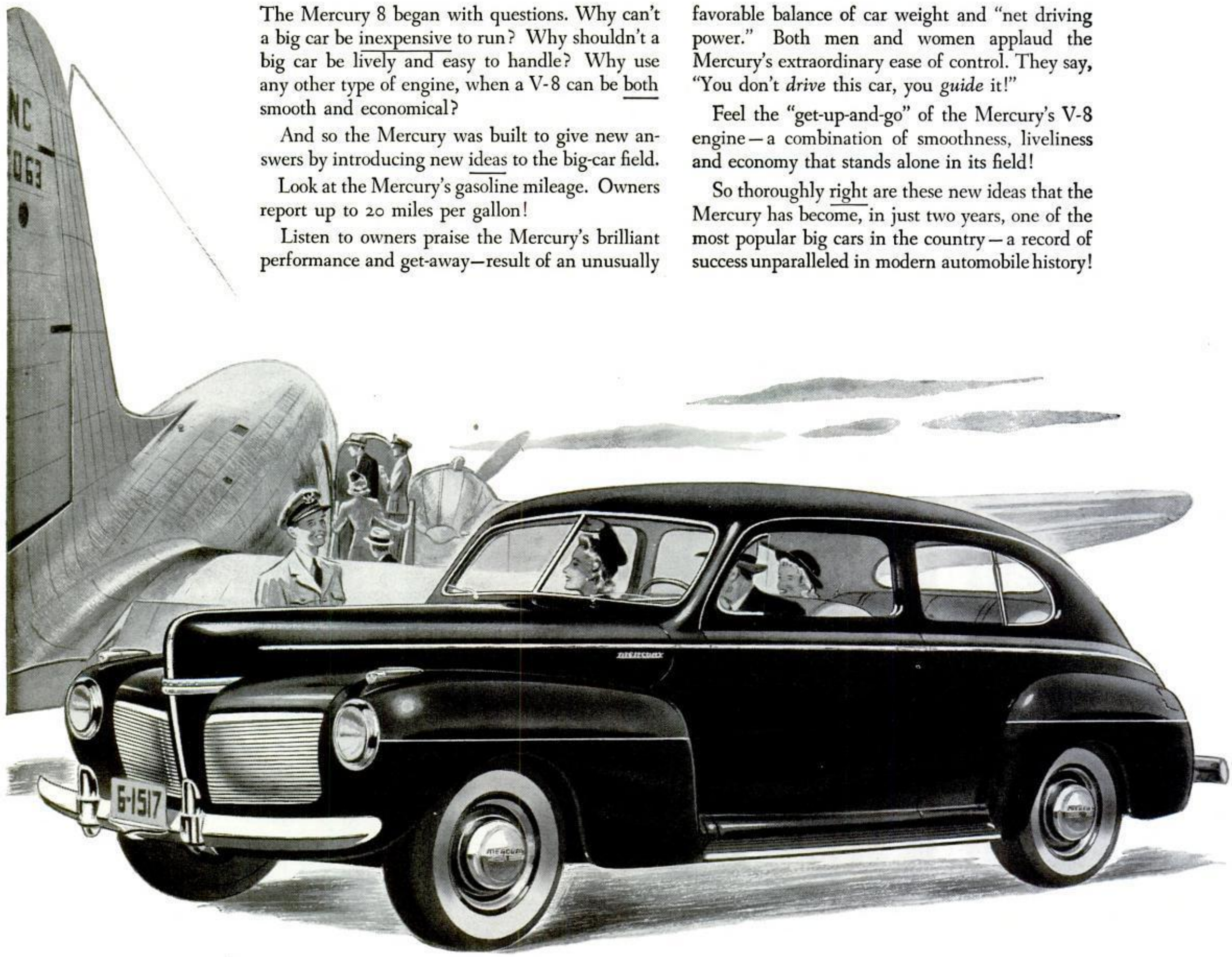
Feel the "get-up-and-go" of the Mercury's V-8 engine—a combination of smoothness, liveliness and economy that stands alone in its field!

So thoroughly right are these new ideas that the Mercury has become, in just two years, one of the most popular big cars in the country—a record of success unparalleled in modern automobile history!



THE 1941 MERCURY 8 is a handsome big car, with streamlines as commanding as its way on the road. Doors and body flare out over the running boards for extra width inside, so that six big people ride in comfort. Glass areas are "picture-window" size. A new ride-stabilizer and a longer wheelbase contribute to the restfulness of the Mercury Ride.

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Mercury 8

The Big Car That Stands Alone in Economy

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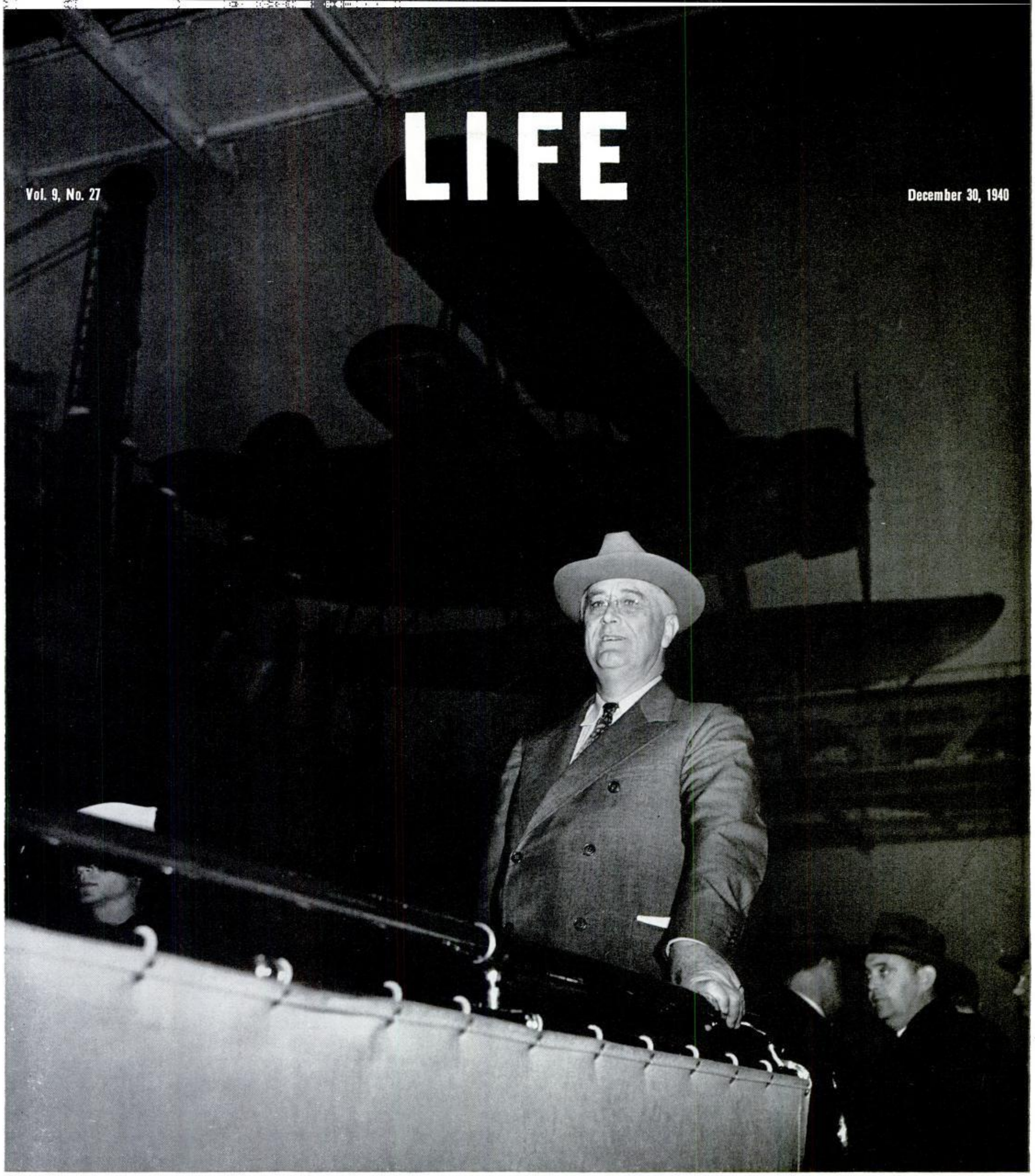

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DISEMBARKS FROM CRUISER "TUSCALOOSA." IN REAR IS ONE OF NAVY'S OBSOLETE SCOUT PLANES, UNDER-ARMED, UNDER-RANGED, UNDER-POWERED

ROOSEVELT THINKS UP PLAN TO MAKE AMERICA A NON-FIGHTING ALLY OF BRITAIN

By the calendar, New Year's Day of 1941 was still a fortnight off. But as 200 Washington correspondents filed into President Roosevelt's oval office late one afternoon last week for their first press conference since his return from his sea trip, the nation was already in a year-end mood. Looking back on a year of crashing horror (*see pp. 42–49*), looking ahead to a dark and dangerous unknown, every thoughtful citizen felt in his heart the "terrible urgency" to slough off old ways, make a new start, take a fresh resolve.

On the reporters' tongues, as on the nation's, there was only one question: what can any and all of us do, to speed up America's tragically bogged-down defense production, to get arms to Britain and to arm ourselves before it is too late? And only one man could give the answer which would release the nation's pent-up energies. He sat there now, calm, freshly tanned, his great chest and shoulders bulging in a new gray suit.

The President spoke for 27 minutes, describing the plan he had evolved in quiet days of thought and talk on the Caribbean. He said that the best way to defend America now was to help defend Britain. He said that the way to go about it was to forget all our old ideas about finance and the silly-fool dollar sign. He asked, would you stop to quibble about getting paid $15 for your hose if your neighbor's house caught fire? He proposed that henceforward British arms orders be considered a part of production for U. S. defense, that the U. S. Government pay for them and lease or sell them on mortgage to Britain —the loan to be repaid not in cash but in kind. In effect, what Franklin Roosevelt proposed was that the U. S. stop being just a friendly merchant selling Britain arms for cash on the line and become its non-fighting ally.

Left unsolved, however, was the pressing problem of how to produce the arms in time to do any good.

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THE MEN

THESE 90 ALL WORK ON DEFENSE BUT THEY NEED A FULLTIME BOSS

Last week LIFE went to Washington to have a look at the men in Government who are running the defense program. As a result, you are now looking at more pictures than LIFE has ever before printed on a single spread. These 90 faces are only a representative scattering of defense chiefs and their subordinates. There are hundreds of other responsible officials charged with getting arms ordered and produced for the defense of the U. S. and Britain. A chart of the duplicating, competing, overlapping Government departments, boards, bureaus, supply services, corps, agencies and divisions involved in defense management would, if it existed, be a super-Goldbergian maze. Add to this the personal quirks, the prides of authority and the small jealousies of the human beings involved, the gigantic size of the enterprise at hand and the enormous pressure of time under which the job must be done, and you have a slight inkling of the mountainous obstacles in the path of the defense program.

The Army alone has eight different Supply Arms and Services (Quartermaster Corps, Ordnance Department, Air Corps, Chemical Warfare Service, Signal Corps, Engineer Corps, Medical Section, Coast Artillery Corps). Each has its own buying organization which divides the nation into procurement districts—no two of which districtings are alike—for actual purchasing. The Navy, with nine offices engaged in purchasing (Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Bureau of Aeronautics, Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Bureau of Navigation, Bureau of Ordnance, Bureau of Ships, Bureau of Yards and Docks, Headquarters Marine Corps and the Shore Establishment Division of the Secretary's Office), often finds itself competing with the Army's buyers for the services of a given factory. To try to straighten out such tangles there is the Joint Army & Navy Munitions Board. And now, to try to straighten out and speed up what remains tangled, there is the Defense Commission. The Army, the Navy, the Munitions Board and the Defense Commission each has a priorities board to try to decide who gets what first.

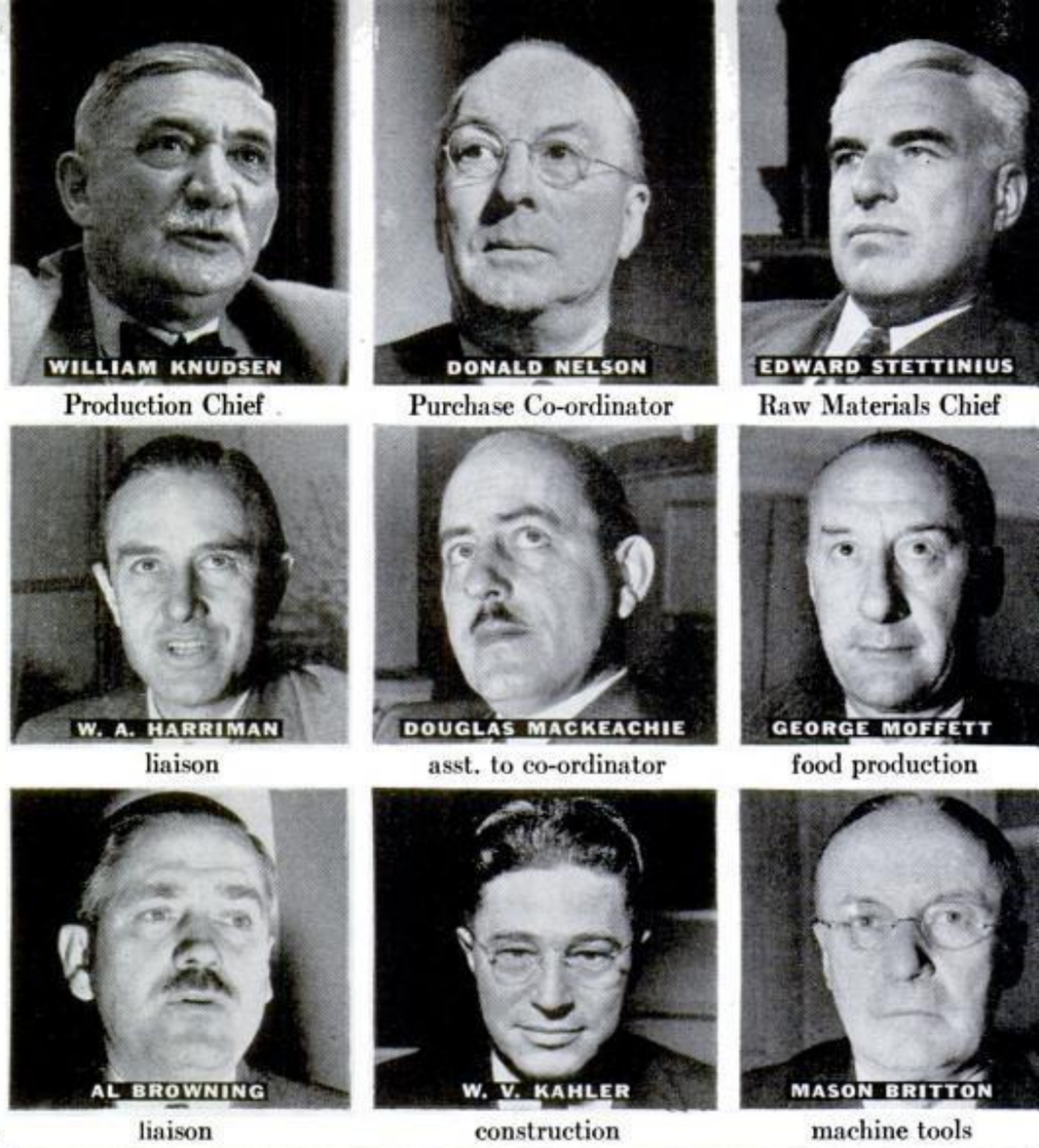
In the present lag there are two main trouble-sources. One is delay in getting out orders, specifications and contracts, caused mainly by the legalistic set-up of Army and Navy procurement. But now that 85% of contracts for the current program are placed and out of the Army's and Navy's hands, the prime bottleneck is the Defense Commission's lack of the two necessary requisites for getting speedy action on the nation's production lines. Those requisites are: 1) full authority over defense production (now held by the busy President) to be centered in, 2) a full time responsible boss.

In his press conference last week the President brushed aside current suggestions for reorganizing the defense set-up as crazy assertions made by children who have grown up since the last World War, and declared there was nothing to do but keep everlastingly at it and keep prodding people. But even children can read the plain lesson of history. Until March 4, 1918, eleven months after America entered the War, U. S. defense production was in the same mess it is in now, and for the same reasons. Not until President Wilson centered full authority and responsibility for production in a single chief of the War Industries Board, Bernard M. Baruch, were the nation's mighty industrial resources fully mobilized for war.

Last week in Washington a 1918 veteran of the War Department who was recently called back to service, summed up the current Washington tangle thus: "They need Baruch down here. My God, how they need him!"

On Dec. 20 the President imposed on the current defense set-up a "super-commission" composed of Commissioners Knudsen & Hillman, Secretaries Stimson & Knox. Asked to comment on a similar earlier plan, Stimson had replied by quoting Washington: "My observation on every employment of life is that wherever and whenever one person is found adequate to the discharge of a duty by close application thereto, it is worse executed by two persons and scarcely done at all if three or more are employed therein."

DEFENSE COMMISSION



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(continued)

THE ARMS

THESE ARE SOME PRIME PRODUCTION SHORTAGES

It is, and will doubtless remain, impossible for any ordinary citizen to get a clear, detailed picture of defense progress. Until the political or military high command decides that certain facts may judiciously be made public, the facts about how many arms the Army and Navy have on hand, how fast they are getting new ones and how many they hope eventually to have, remain closely guarded military secrets. But enough facts are now available to present a fairly good idea of how the U. S. would fare if it should go to war anytime in the near future. On these pages are shown some of its prime deficiencies.

The Army, which in peacetime was kept trimmed down to the mere skeleton of a fighting force, is having its troubles putting on weight. Due to labor troubles, competition of private industry for machinery and materials, and such Army blunders as selecting sites which lacked adequate water supply, 25 of the 40 new camps now being built are from one to nine weeks behind schedule. As a result, the beginning of Army training for 96,000 National Guardsmen must be postponed accordingly. The draft program is one month and 70,000 men behind schedule. Against Germany's 240 highly trained divisions, the U. S. now has 20 in the field, composed mostly of raw recruits.

Only four light tanks a day are now being produced in the U. S., and heavier tanks will not begin coming off production lines before midsummer. Prospects of equipping two armored divisions by summer, as scheduled, are dubious. (Germany has 14 such divisions.)

Thus far the Army has been able to get by for training purposes with the arms and equipment it has, but it is far from being armed to fight. Some more serious delays and shortages are in anti-aircraft guns, aircraft cannon, 105-mm. howitzers, fire-control equipment, ammunition of all kinds.

Plane production is 30% behind schedule. Engines are particularly slow. The Army air program, faced with a shortage of student pilots, is also short of planes to train the ones it has.

The Navy, always kept ready for action, is better off. But it is still a good five years away from getting the two-ocean fleet it has on order. By 1947 it aims to acquire 376 fighting ships: 17 battleships, 18 aircraft carriers, 54 cruisers, 81 submarines, 206 destroyers. But it expects to get only eleven of them—one battleship, two carriers and eight destroyers—during 1941.

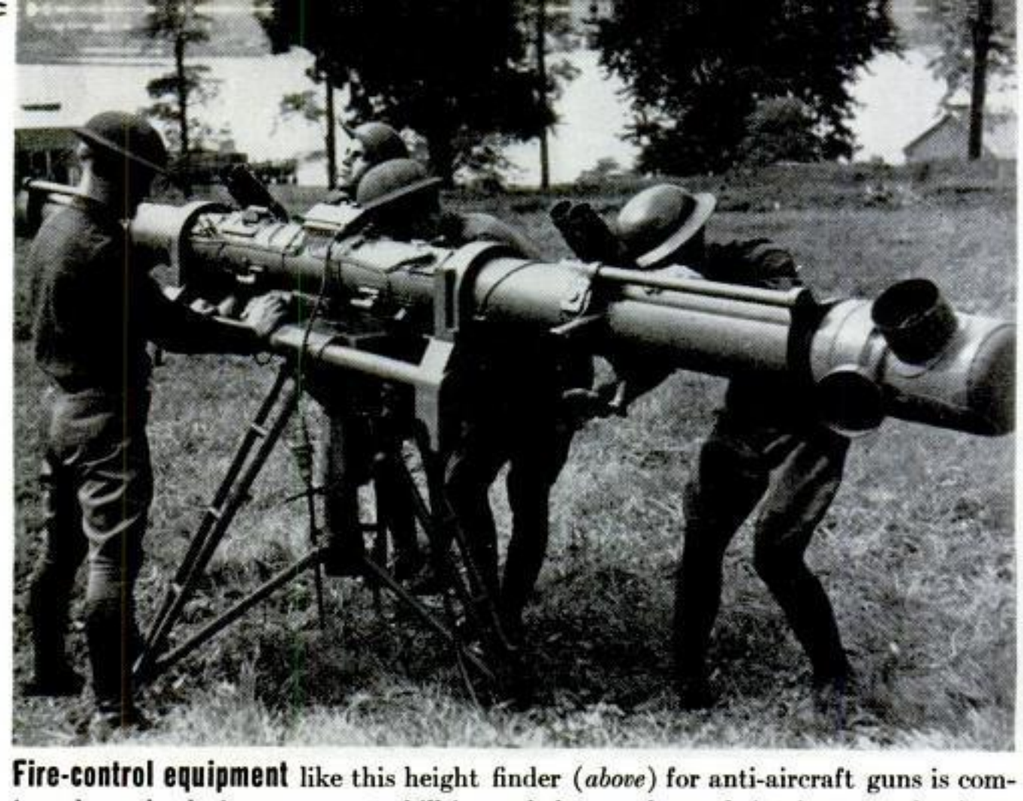
The most serious lacks of the present U. S. Fleet are two. Its ships are woefully short of light anti-aircraft guns and of armored protection against aircraft fire and bomb splinters. And most of its scout and fighting planes are badly outdated in speed and firing power.

Ships are now 90% to 100% manned. But the Navy wants to get 115% of quotas on its ships, so crews will be ready when new ships come off the ways. Biggest need, now and in future, is for petty officers, the backbone of the Fleet. It takes 13 months to train a passable third-class petty officer.

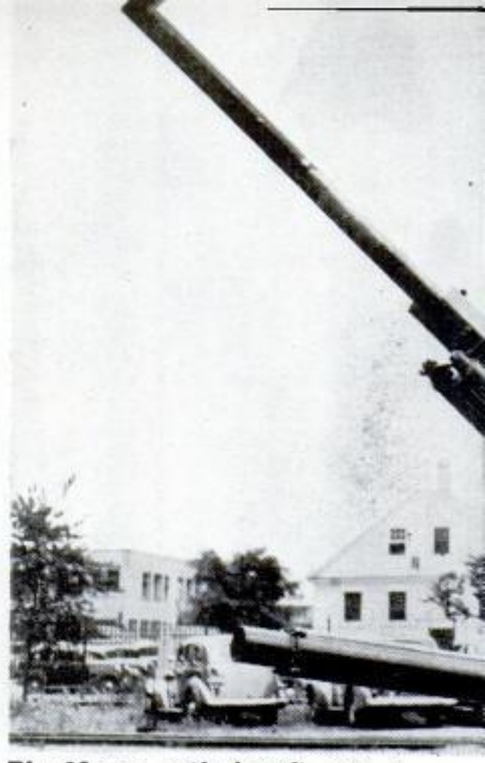
The Navy, too, is feeling the shortage of training planes. Not until mid-1942 does it expect to reach its production goal of 600 pilots a month.

These are some of the facts which grim Defense Commissioner Knudsen had in mind when, pleading for more speed, he wrote to manufacturers and workers about the "terrible urgency of the situation."

ARMY

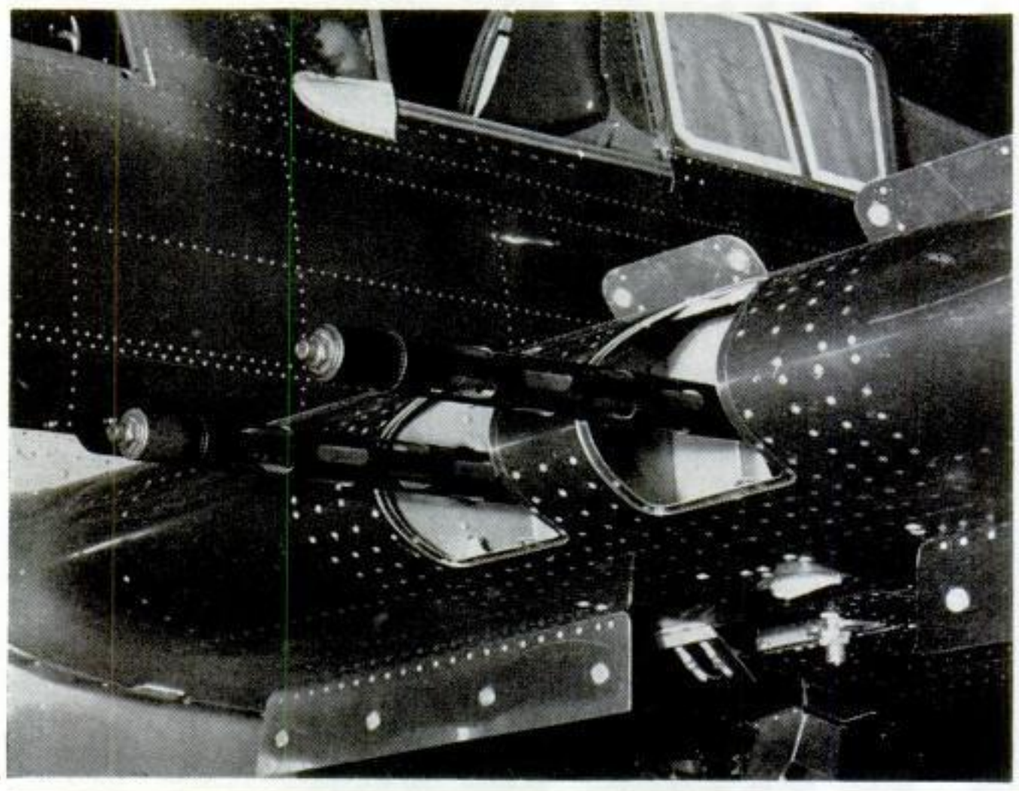


Fire-control equipment like this height finder (*above*) for anti-aircraft guns is coming along slowly because great skill is needed to make such intricate mechanisms.

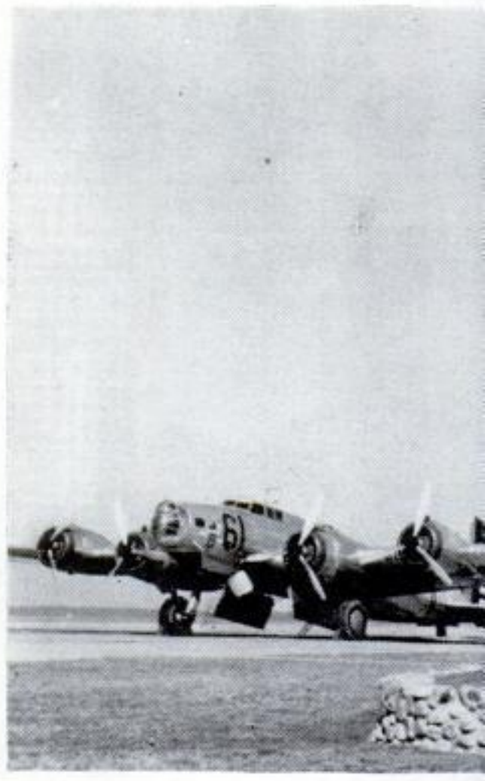


The 90-mm. anti-aircraft gun, developed for greater range and fire-

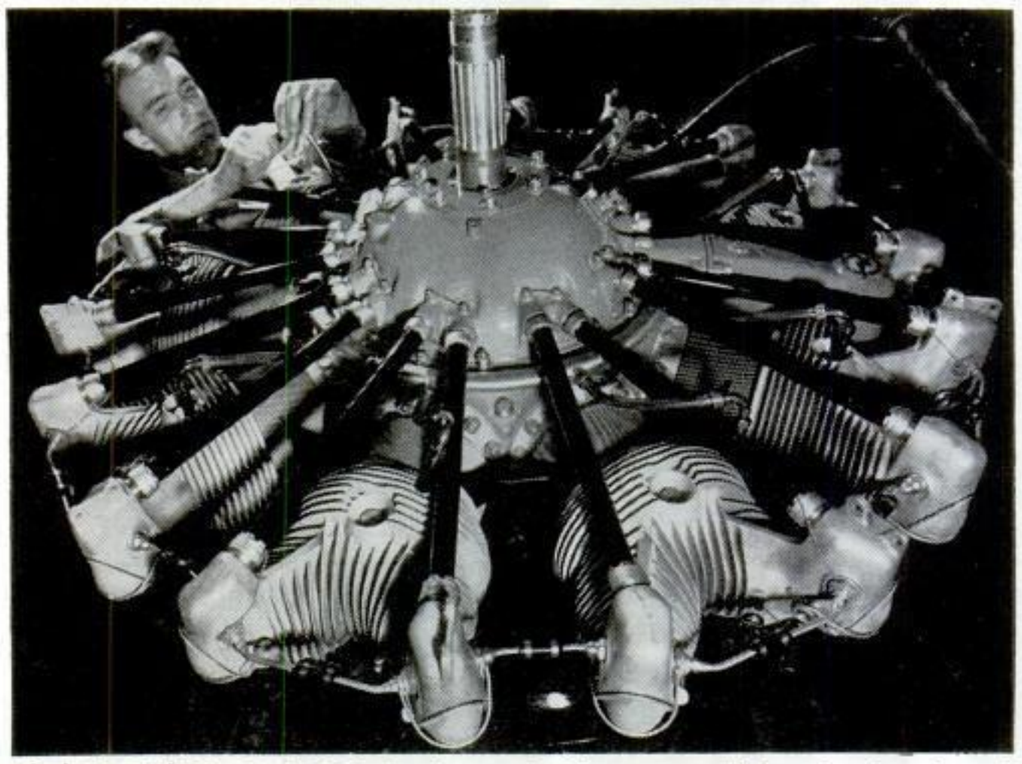
Aircraft machine guns (*below*) crowd capacity of Colt, the only big U. S. machine-gun maker. For 50,000 planes U. S. will need as many as its total War I production.



Ammunition, including bombs (*below*), is short because most U.S. pow-



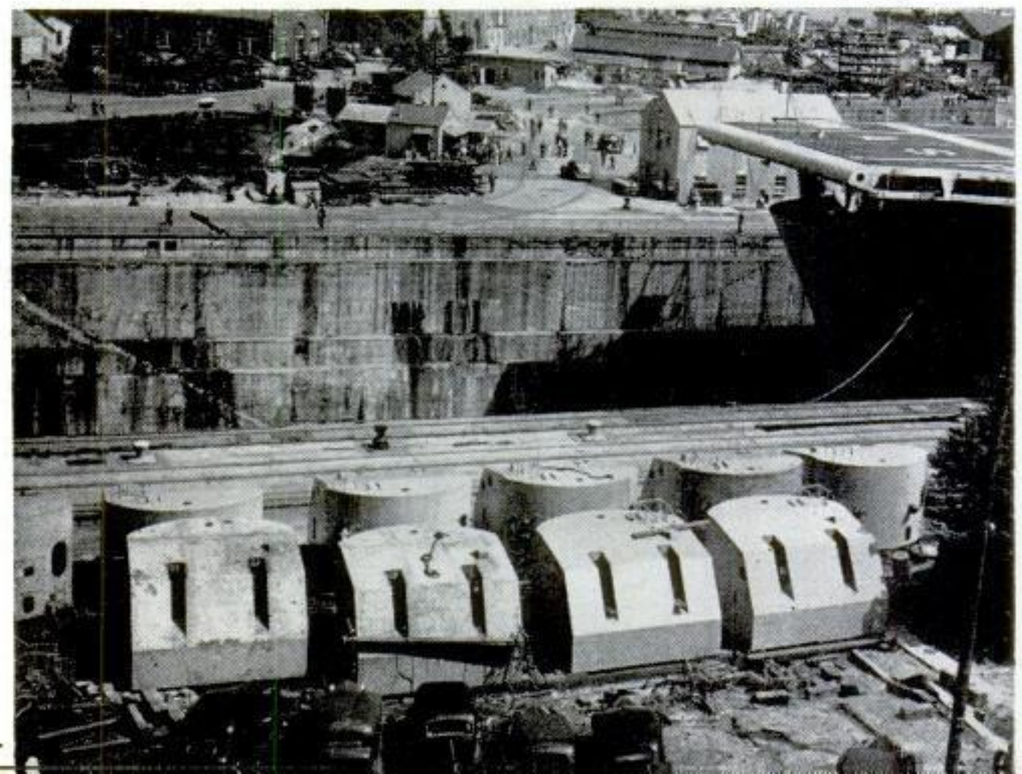
NAVY



Airplane engines, of which U. S. plans to build 130,000, will be a bottleneck until Packard, Ford, others complete new plants. Navy specializes in radial type (*above*).

Navy planes like this Douglas dive bomber and the torpedo plane in

Shields for anti-aircraft gun crews are required for both present and future ships. Navy did not realize need until the present war showed vulnerability of gun crews.



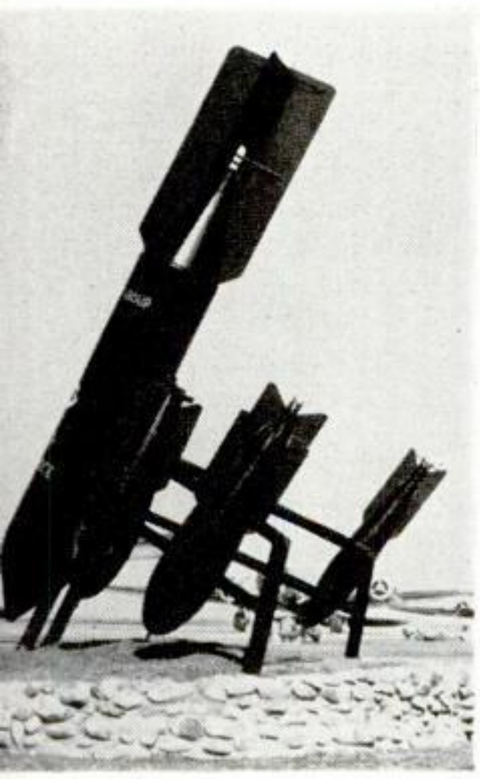
Destroyers are desperately needed for British convoys. Right: ships,

power than old 3-in. gun, is still on order. Army has only test models.

Camps, of which some must house 15,000 men, are behind schedule—two of them by 2½ months. As a result, training of Guardsmen and draftees has been postponed.

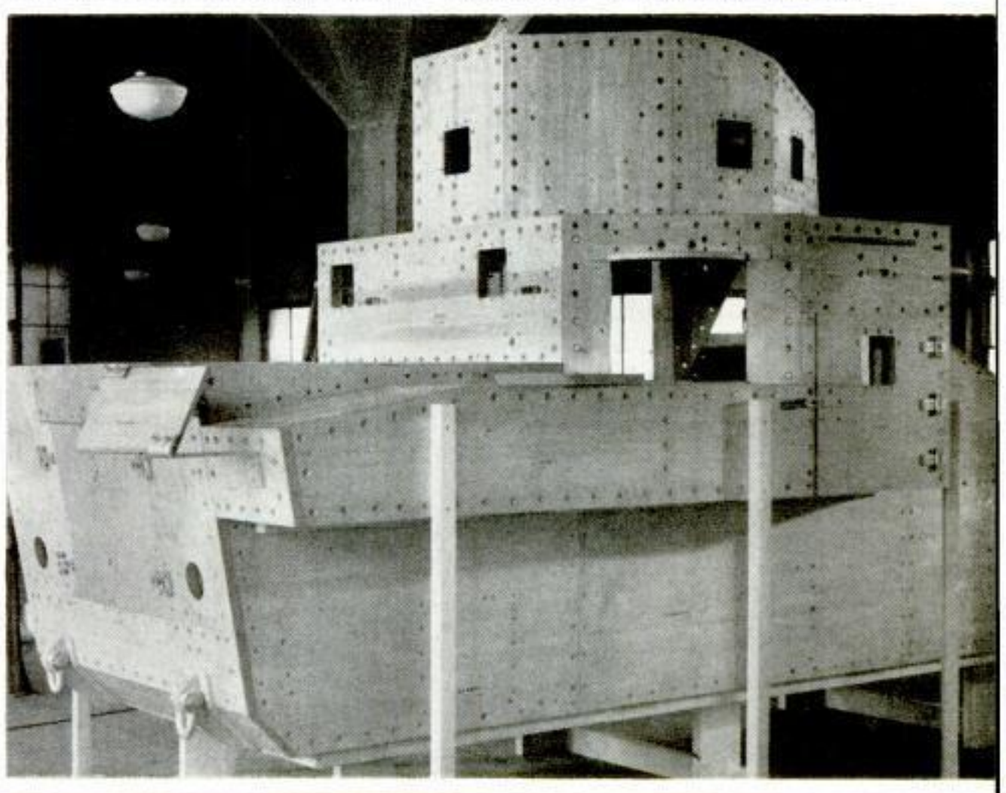
60-mm. mortar, used to wipe out machine-gun nests, is a vital weapon. Army has next to none. Production is eight months behind schedule.

der plants were scrapped after last war. Ten new plants are being built.



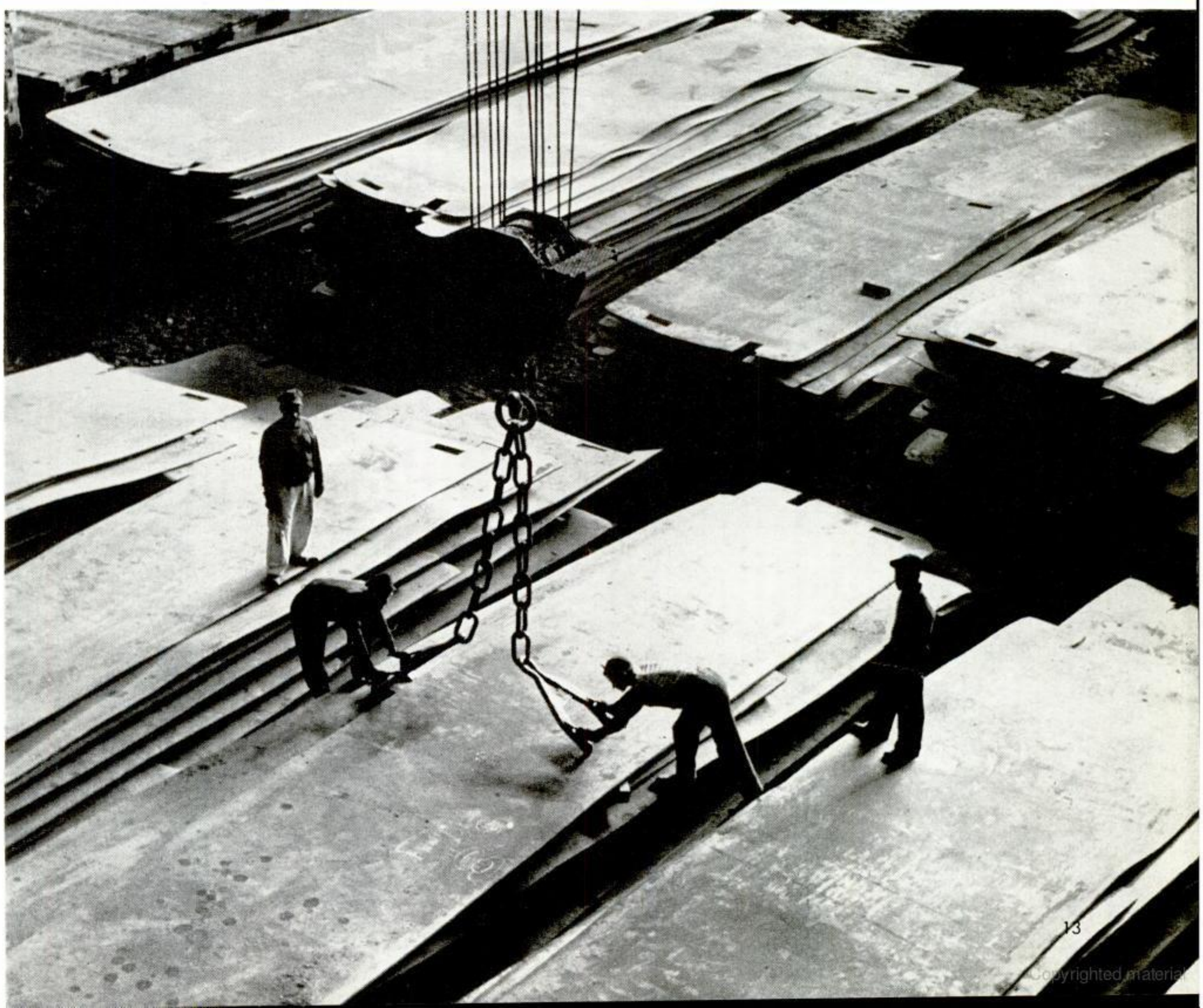
105-mm. howitzer is weapon adopted by Germans to replace 75-mm. gun. U. S. Army, impressed by results, has plenty of 75's but will not begin getting 105's until spring.

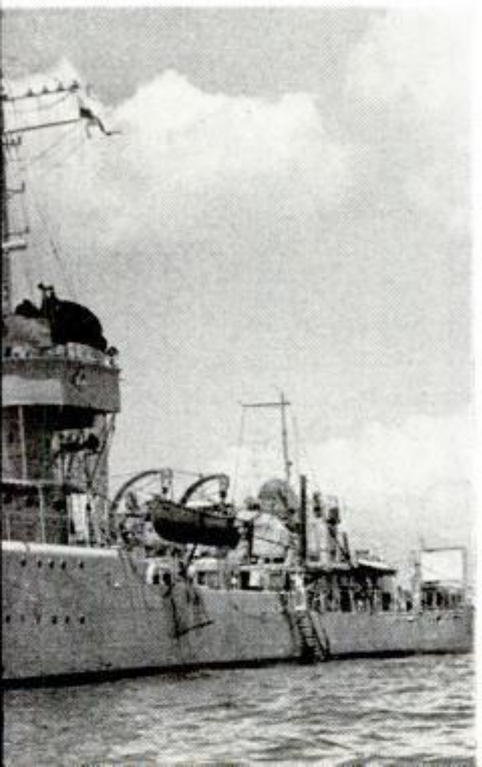
Medium tank which Chrysler will build in new $20,000,000 factory was developed from this wooden model. The first tank is expected in year.



air must be replaced because they are slow, under-armed, lack armor.

turrets, tanks, planes need more armor plate than U. S. can now make.





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LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Hitler finagles in France and intervenes in Italy; Britain finds the invasion season still open

To his own people Adolf Hitler was able last week to promise a comparatively merry Christmas. At some time during the great Year of Disaster of 1940 (*see pp. 42–49*), all his enemies and allies had suffered defeats but Hitler's own armies had yet to meet a military reverse. Hunger was creeping over his subject lands but within his own country every German family could look forward to a good Christmas dinner of carp and goose. Judged by the recent record, the chances were fairly good that the citizens of his capital city would have to spend Christmas Eve in the air-raid shelters. The German dancing ban, in force since May, was lifted to allow dancing every day from Christmas to New Year's.

ABETZ

Yet despite this appearance of well-being, there was plenty for Hitler to worry about in his Continental Empire.

L'Affaire Laval. The start of last week found Pierre Laval under home arrest, tending his garden and watching the pigsticking at his Châteldon chateau, where LIFE visited him last autumn (LIFE, Sept. 23). The story was that Laval had overreached himself in connection with Hitler's "goodwill gesture" of sending back to France the ashes of Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt. Laval, it appeared, had promised Otto Abetz, German Ambassador in France, to have Marshal Pétain present at the Paris ceremonies to make a great show of Franco-German collaboration. There were rumors that Laval planned to seize power for himself and when the Vichy Cabinet had asked him for a guarantee of the Marshal's personal safety, he had lost his temper and threatened the old man. Laval was locked up, but not for long. Presently in Vichy appeared Herr Abetz himself, a scheming character who for years was the leader of the Fifth Column in Paris. Abetz obtained Laval's release and conferred with Pétain and Pierre-Etienne Flandin, Laval's successor as Foreign Minister. Then Laval and Abetz left for Paris.

The net effect of all this was dubious. M. Flandin, though he does not enjoy such universal ill-repute as M. Laval, is just as strong an advocate of collaboration with Hitler. For his part, Hitler has two good reasons for desiring the continued co-operation of Marshal Pétain. One is his plan for building up France as a rival to Italy for the position of Germany's favorite satellite. The other is his anxiety lest General Weygand take his North African army into the British camp. It was to Marshal Pétain personally and not to the Vichy Government that Weygand last fortnight pledged his loyalty.

FLANDIN

To Italy's rescue. Hitler waited until his Italian allies were in rout on two fronts, scurrying across the Libyan desert and floundering through the Albanian snows. Then German military transport planes began swooping down on Italian fields. All freight traffic was halted on the railroad through the Brenner Pass as German troops were reported moving into Italy.

LADY DECIES

The first effect of the German rescue move was that the Italians were chased even faster on both fronts. While the British pushed deep into Libya (*see pp. 16–17*), the Greeks drove on through bitter snowstorms in Albania. They found Italian corpses frozen as stiff as the Russians in Finland and took so many prisoners that Athens did not know where to quarter them. Also captured were thousands of donkeys which had to be shot because they had learned to take commands in Italian and all other sounds were Greek to them.

No eggs for Hitler. Here and there in the conquered countries the people's deep hatred of the Germans broke through to the surface. In Czecho-Slovakia, according to a letter written by a Czech worker to a Swedish paper, the people are slaughtering their hens because under Nazi regulations every hen in excess of three per family must lay 60 eggs a year for Germany. One dead hen was found with a note around its neck: "I prefer to commit suicide rather than lay my eggs for Hitler."

The only clear German victory of the week was won in Paris by Marshal Göring. Lady Decies was about to buy a fur-trimmed coat in Paquin's Paris salon when Göring strode in, snatched the coat and ordered it sent home to Berlin for his wife. Lady Decies offered no resistance.

•

Britain's Plight. Pictures from Occupied France last week showed German troops building huge gun emplacements along the Channel coast and practicing tactics of landing on shores. In the potential "invasion ports," the R. A. F. spotted new concentrations of barges. Over England the air raids slacked off. This might mean that the Germans were shadowboxing with Britain while turning their real attention to rescuing Italy. But in England it started a new invasion scare. Lord Beaverbrook, reporting that British plane production was up 100% over a year ago but still too low, predicted an invasion attempt "before spring." A War Office bulletin warned: "There is no closed season for invasion."

Britain's danger was indeed acute. Shipping losses for the week of Dec. 2–9 reached 101,000 tons. In the air, after months of experimentation, Germany has found an effective weapon in mass night raids. Not yet tried on an all-out scale, such raids would doubtless be the prelude to invasion.

BEAVERBROOK

It is a safe bet that if Hitler intends ever to invade Britain he will try it before the stream of arms from the U. S. swells much larger. Last week the British hailed President Roosevelt's new plan for lending and leasing war equipment (*see p. 9*), happily slapped down a new want list for $3,000,000,000 worth of Anglo-American arms. Another shot in the British arm was the news that the U. S. Government is thinking of taking over some 50 neutral ships now rusting in U. S. ports, leasing them to Britain.

•

Finnish Saga. The stirring strains of the Finnish national anthem resounded through the great halls of the Helsinki railroad station as some 150,000 patriots wished godspeed to Kyösti Kallio. Wan and weary, the 67-year-old peasant who as Finland's president during the war with Russia had proved true to his surname which means "Rock," was entraining for his country home. He hoped to pass his remaining years in peaceful retirement. Only a few hours before, Risto Ryti, wartime premier, had been overwhelmingly elected his successor.

KALLIO

As he stood on the station platform bidding a last goodby to Field Marshal Baron Mannerheim, hero of the Soviet war, the "Rock" collapsed, the victim of a heart attack. Mannerheim caught him as he fell. In a few seconds Kallio expired in the arms of his great and good friend.

•

"Black Death." Atrocity story of the week was a Chinese War office blast that Japanese planes had sprayed bubonic bacilli, resulting in the "Black Death," over three provincial Chinese cities. The bacilli resembled fish eggs when they fell to the ground. Tokyo absolutely denied the report, countercharged that the Chinese sprinkle wells used by the Japanese Army in China with cholera germs.

No propaganda story but horrible truth is the fact that bubonic plague has been raging for nearly a year in parts of Japanese-dominated Manchukuo. A LIFE correspondent recently found Hsinking, the capital, ridden with the plague. The railroad station was being used as a mass inoculation center. Everywhere people wore masks.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The year 1940 has been, for Americans, a year of deep soul-searching, of old ideas discarded and new ideas embraced. Standing across the sea from Europe's inferno, Americans went through the intellectual torment of reforging their own ideals. As a new year loomed ahead, they were joining ranks with one clear purpose and one unfaltering resolve: To defend the faith of liberty in America, at any cost.

This national resolve was symbolized last week by the memorable picture on opposite page. It was taken by a distinguished amateur, Richard L. Simon, partner in the publishing firm of Simon & Schuster, who snapped it recently as he poked about the New York docks. Solid and serene in the background, the Statue of Liberty looms up through the harbor mist. The sign on the pier post in the foreground might well be the voice of America warning the aggressors of Europe.

America, in effect, has posted anew the Statue of Liberty. But as yet Liberty is guarded more with words than with guns. To back up this warning with all the might that American factories can produce is the job of 1941.

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America posts the Statue of Liberty

An Italian raiding party on the edge of Egypt ran into a superior force of mobile British 3.7-in. guns, left this mess. In the foreground are spread out the insides and one smashed tread of one of the Fiat tankettes that were such a failure in Spain, but which are still being used by the Italians. In background are two blasted Italian Diesel trucks that mounted anti-tank guns.

Arab Legion from the Near East, formed from Palestine and Saudi Arabia to protect Suez Canal, are camel-mounted. They were perhaps used as flank patrols at end of Egyptian battle.

Hindus of an Indian rifle regiment come all the way from India, pose around their Bren gun carrier in cloth-covered steel helmets. They formed part of the shock troops against the Italians.

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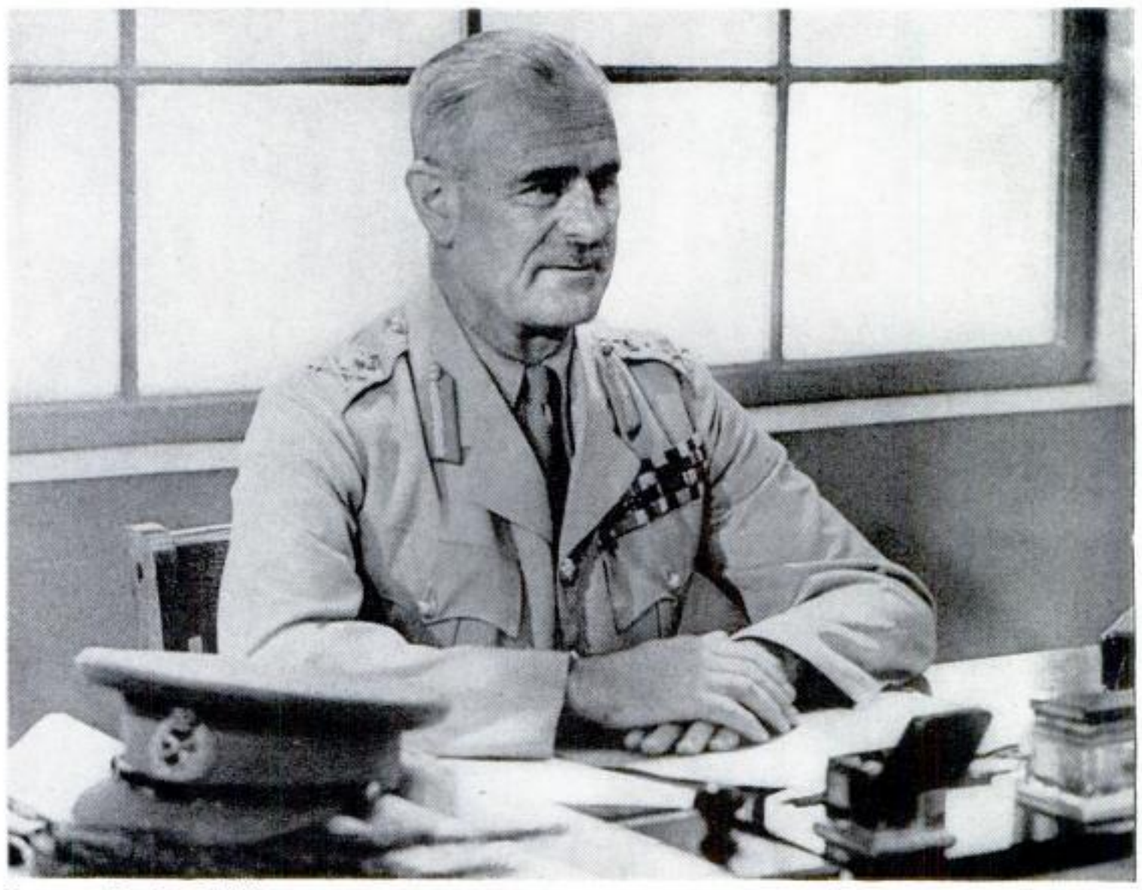
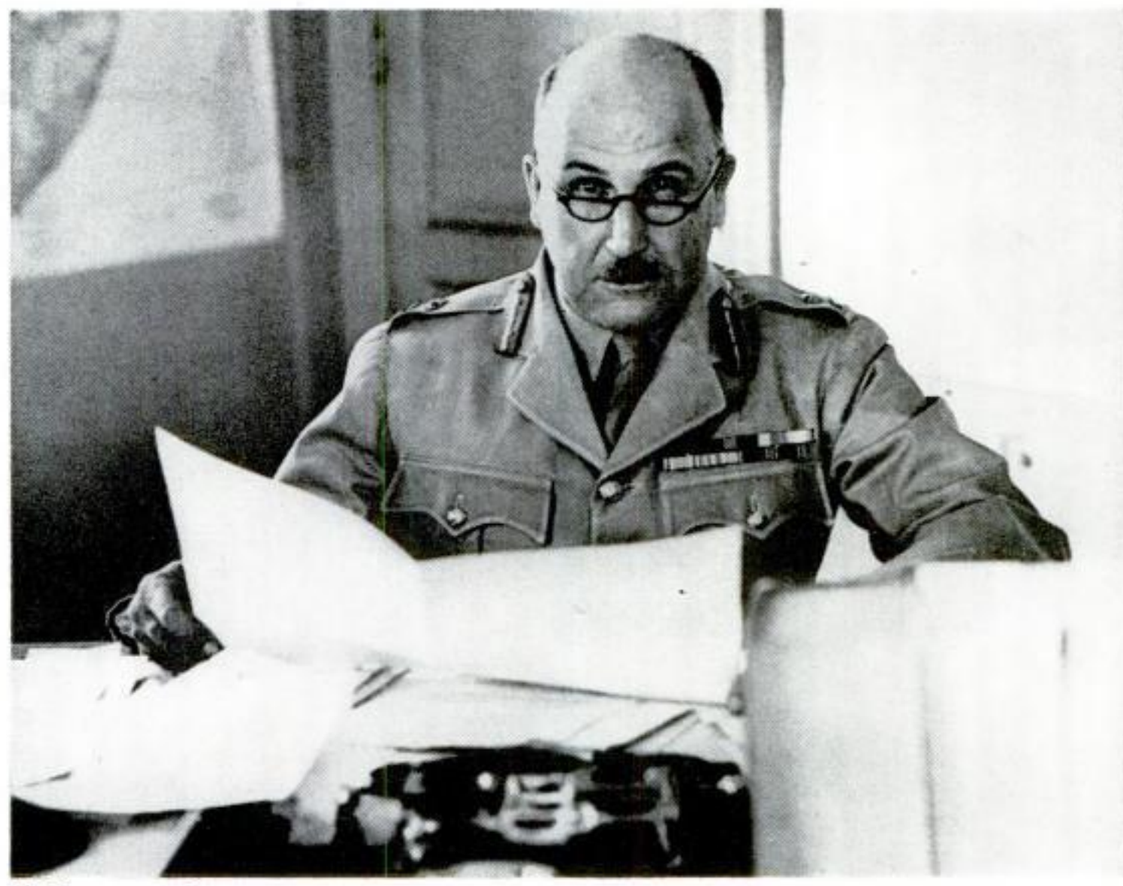


Commander in Chief in Middle East is one-eyed General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell, who planned the battle. Germans consider him only good British general and "incomparably good."



Field commander of the attack on Libya is Lieutenant General Henry Maitland Wilson. His job was the tactical execution of the great plan given him by Archibald Wavell's General Staff.

BRITONS WHO HIT ITALIANS IN LIBYA ARE MEN OF MANY LANDS

If a war lasts long enough, first-class antagonists pick up all one another's tricks. The Germans taught the British many a lesson in Norway, Belgium and France. The English were ready pupils. The British Army of the Middle East in Egypt rehearsed those lessons in endless maneuvers, piled up the necessary tanks, guns and planes, and then attacked.

But the Italians, who had been talking a great war, had got used to the comfortable idea that Germany was going to win the war for them. They stopped working, kept obsolete tanks and planes, lagged in anti-aircraft guns and artillery. When the smaller British Army in Egypt hit the bigger Italian Army, these concealed facts suddenly burst into view. For the Italians, despite isolated cases of tenacious fighting, generally ran or surrendered. The army that beat them was an admirable symbol of the anti-Fascist world. It included Scotsmen, Englishmen, Ulstermen, Australians, New Zealanders, French, Sikhs, Pathans, Hindus and Arabs (*see below*).

These British light tanks are 6-ton Vickers, with lots of speed, radio aerial but little armor. Much more effective in Libya were big Christies and heavy cruiser tanks with 2-in. guns that British factories have rushed out to Egypt.

Cameron Highlanders from Scotland swing along in dress parade in Egypt. Many of these men are from England. Few like the Egyptian climate but were delighted to do a job on the Italians.

The New Zealanders, big, straight-talking men who sound much like Americans, are farthest south of all British contingents in Egypt. They were joined by Australians for attack in Egypt.

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THE NAZI GANG LOOKS OVER ITS NEW VICTIM

The men who rule Germany here fix their unsmiling suspicion on the elderly toady from Rumania, Premier Ion Antonescu. The date is Nov. 22 and the place is the Reich Chancellor's private office in Berlin. Americans familiar with gangster movies will recognize the situation at a glance. It is the moment when the deserter from the rival gang is brought into the back room to meet the boys and convince them that he is really one of them now. The faces of the highest officials in Nazi Germany (*shown above*) would not be miscast in such parts. From left to right their jobs are: Ribbentrop (Foreign Affairs), Hitler (Führer), Hess (Deputy Party Führer), Ley (Labor), Raeder (Navy), Goebbels (Propaganda),

Copyrighted material

Keitel (Army). Recognizable to American audiences are the confidence man, the strong-arm man, the squat bad-tempered bully, the dull lieutenant, the clever brain, the educated gangster and the most ruthless of them all, the prissy sadist. It is a great cast, assembled from the sorrows and treacheries of pre-War Germany.

The rigid paralysis on the Rumanian's face is apt, for he is definitely under suspicion of still harboring a few pro-British sentiments. He was once military attaché to London. But next day he joined Rumania to the Tripartite Pact and made a convincing little speech about "destroying the fictions and occult forces" of democracy. The Berlin gang had sent word back to Rumania ahead of him and when he got home he found a massacre going full swing. The chaos that presently raged in Rumania convinced many a neutral of the dangers of joining the gang.

The painting shown in the background is one of Titian's versions of *Venus with a Mirror* whose authenticity is questioned by many art experts. It was a 1939 birthday present to Adolf Hitler from the Reichsbank.

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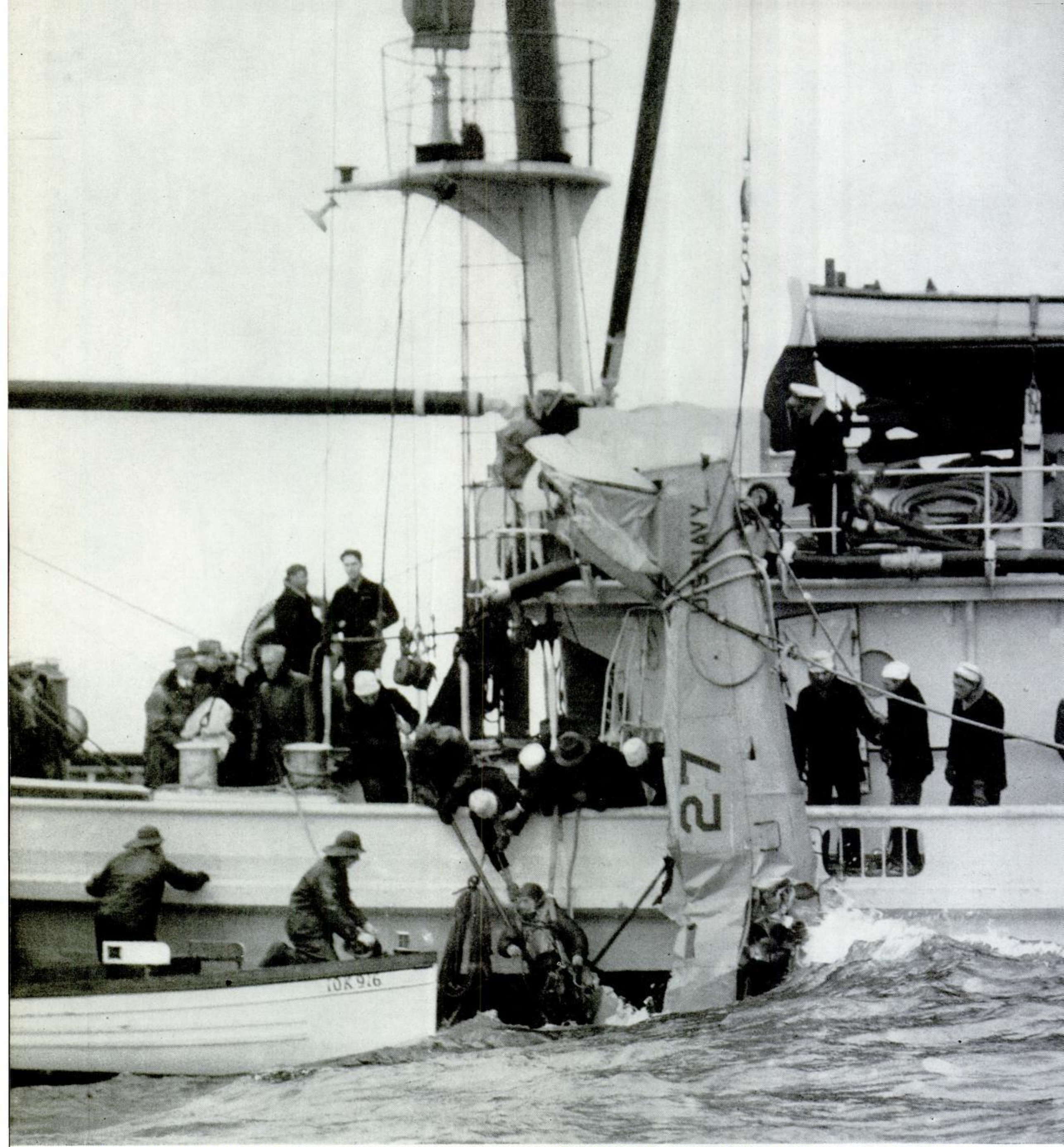

CREW OF A NAVY TUG RECOVERS THE BODY OF NAVY MACHINIST PASQUALE SICLARI, STILL STRAPPED TO SEAT OF TRAINER PLANE IN WHICH HE MET DEATH A DAY BEFORE

CORPSE OF NAVY AIRMAN, KILLED IN CRASH, RISES FROM LONG ISLAND SOUND

A few days before Christmas, Lieut. James Stanley Tyler, U.S.N., telephoned his wife that he was leaving for a routine flight in her neighborhood, to be on the watch for his plane. Soon the hum of an engine brought Mrs. Tyler and her father, Justice Lee Parsons Davis of the New York Supreme Court, out onto the porch of Justice Davis' New Rochelle home. They at once recognized Tyler's naval trainer. In the plane with him was Machinist Pasquale Siclari, former Golden Gloves flyweight champion.

Aware that his wife was watching him, Lieut. Tyler circled the house and began to stunt. He zoomed, dived and looped. Then as his wife and father-in-law looked on, the motor stalled. The plane shuddered and plunged 150 ft. into Long Island Sound. A police boat which hurried to the spot found Lieut. Tyler's unopened parachute floating on the surface, his body dangling a few feet below. But it was not till next day that a naval tug managed to raise Machinist Siclari's body from the sunken, shattered ruins of the plane.

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INTERNATIONAL

"The Greatest Name in Trucks"

This handsome International is *Cab-Over-Engine Model D-500*—one of 51 models in the complete line, in 166 wheelbase lengths. International sizes range from ½-ton light delivery to powerful heavy-duty 6-wheelers.

INTERNATIONAL makes the Trucks . . . Truck Owners make the REPUTATION

The *reputation* enjoyed by International Trucks has been building steadfastly since the first high-wheeler took to the rough roads of 1907—*33 years ago.*

Today, *International* is the *greatest name in trucks* because Harvester has kept faith with the men who use trucks.

All International Trucks are *all-truck* trucks from the ground up—backed always by the world's greatest Company-owned truck service organization!

Year after year truckmen buy *more heavy-duty Internationals than any other make.* They know that Internationals give them *outstanding performance . . . unbeatable economy.*

For all-around *truck values,* join the big family of International owners. The International Dealer or Company-owned Branch near you will be glad to demonstrate the type and size best suited for your business.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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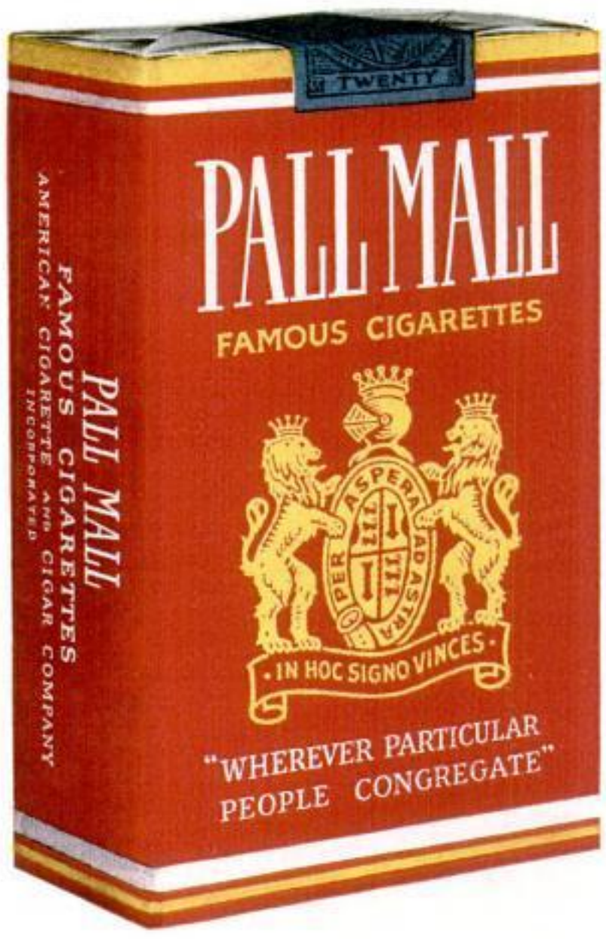
Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette

- **FOR SMOOTHNESS**
- **FOR GENEROSITY**



Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer. That additional length travels the smoke further. The result, for you, is a noticeably cooler smoke.

Pall Mall is a smoother smoke, too. BULKING, that good old-fashioned, almost forgotten process revived by Pall Mall, lets time do what machines can only approximate. Slowly it causes fine tobaccos to mellow—it softens all traces of harshness—it induces all individual aromas to merge with one another. The result, for you, is a noticeably smoother smoke.

There is one provable way to demonstrate the cool smoothness of Pall Mall—Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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Jerome Kern, like the other composers shown here, is a top-notch ASCAP member, gets about $16,000 a year through ASCAP. Most often played of his many lovely and ever-popular songs is *Ol' Man River.*

Sigmund Romberg is most popular living composer of operettas in America—*Student Prince, Blossom Time, Desert Song.* Most played of his songs is *Lover Come Back to Me.*

Irving Berlin and George M. Cohan are loyal ASCAP men. Cohan's most lasting hit is *It's A Grand Old Flag* and Berlin's is *Alexander's Ragtime Band.* Severe loss to radio would be Berlin's *God Bless America.*

Gene Buck and Carrie Jacobs Bond belong to ASCAP. Buck is its president. Mrs. Bond, now 78, gets top ASCAP pay for her *I Love You Truly* and *End of a Perfect Day.*

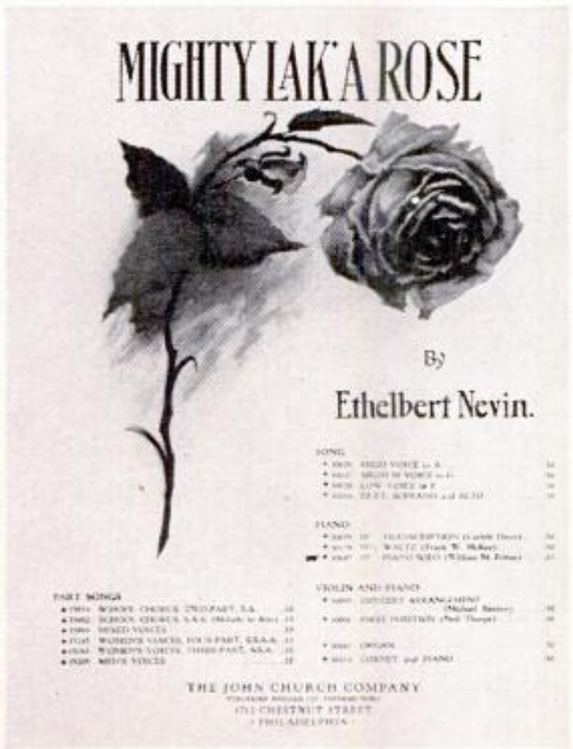
PROMISE OF PEACE COMES IN WAR BETWEEN SONG WRITERS AND RADIO STATIONS

For months and months the biggest musical war in history since the battle between Joshua's trumpets and Jericho's walls has been building up to break on Jan. 1. Most of the writers of most of America's most popular songs were deadlocked in bitter dispute with virtually the whole radio-broadcasting industry. After New Year's, it seemed likely that the great bulk of America's familiar music would be barred from radio programs because its copyright owners would not renew their contract with the broadcasters on the old terms.

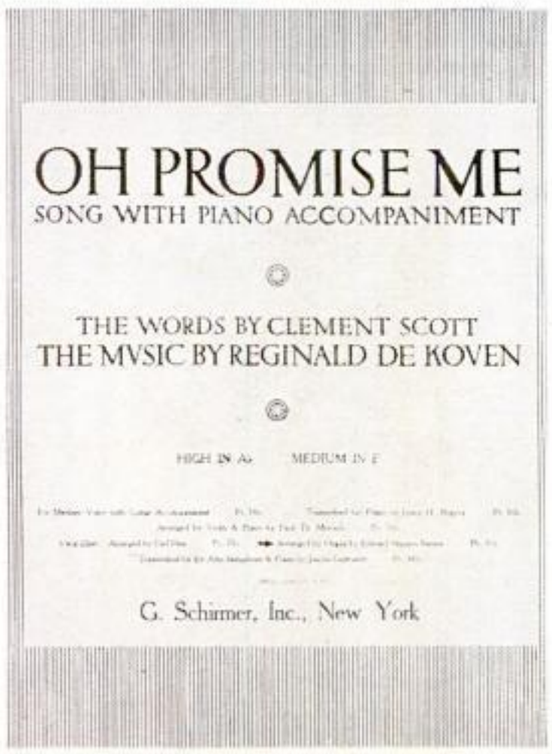
The composers' representative, ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers), and the broadcasters were both unyielding when, suddenly and unexpectedly, a third party stepped into the fight and brought a promise of peace. The U. S. Department of Justice seemed willing to accept a consent decree in its 6-year-old anti-trust action against ASCAP. If ASCAP also agrees to the consent decree, its proposed terms would so reorganize ASCAP that some of the details now blocking a settlement between ASCAP and the broadcasters would be removed. There was thus hope that the radio public might be spared long days & nights made bleak by absence of favorites shown on this page.

The fight between ASCAP and the broadcasters was primarily over money. ASCAP, which in 1940 collected from radio $4,000,000 of its total $6,000,000 income, wanted to raise radio's 1941 license payments to $6,500,000 and place most of the burden on the big broadcasting chains. The broadcasters, especially the chains, objected. ASCAP also wanted to collect its money through blanket licenses based on total incomes of stations. The broadcasters wanted to pay only according to the amount of ASCAP music actually used. Meanwhile, the broadcasting industry, backed by the powerful chains, had set up a rival to ASCAP in Broadcast Music Inc. (BMI), to supply music for radio's needs independent of ASCAP.

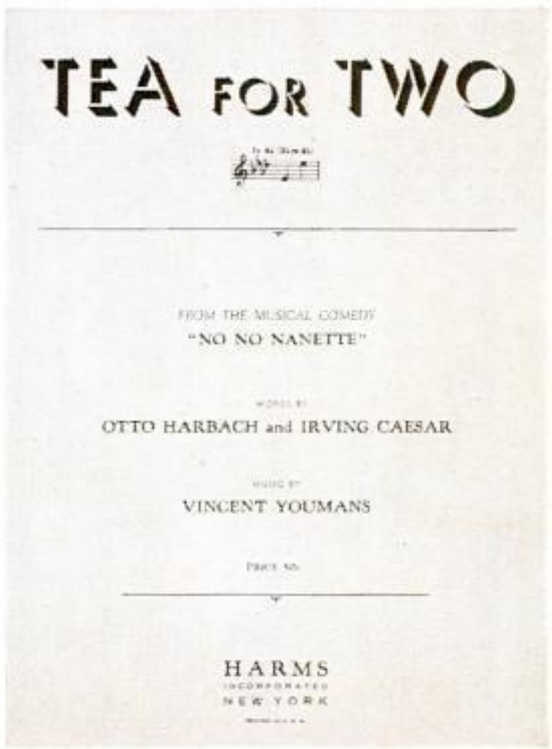
ASCAP was founded by Victor Herbert in 1914 after that great composer had dropped into Shanley's famous old New York restaurant one night and found a crowd listening enraptured to his newest hits. Shanley's paid nothing for use of Herbert's music and Herbert set out to correct this injustice. Today movie theaters, night clubs, restaurants, radio stations all have to pay for using ASCAP music. ASCAP distributes the money to its members who, without some such organization, would find it almost impossible to collect all that is rightfully due them.



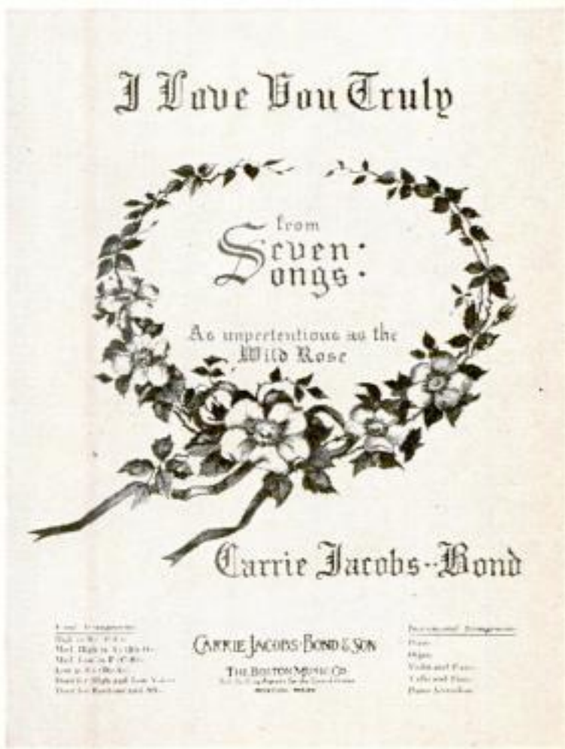
"Mighty Lak' A Rose," by the late Ethelbert Nevin, is played 9,000 times a year on radio.



"Oh Promise Me," De Koven's 51-year-old hit, is still played 12,000 times a year on radio.



"Tea for Two," Vincent Youmans' greatest song, gets 19,000 radio performances a year.



"I Love You Truly" goes on and on. It averages more than 23,000 radio performances a year.

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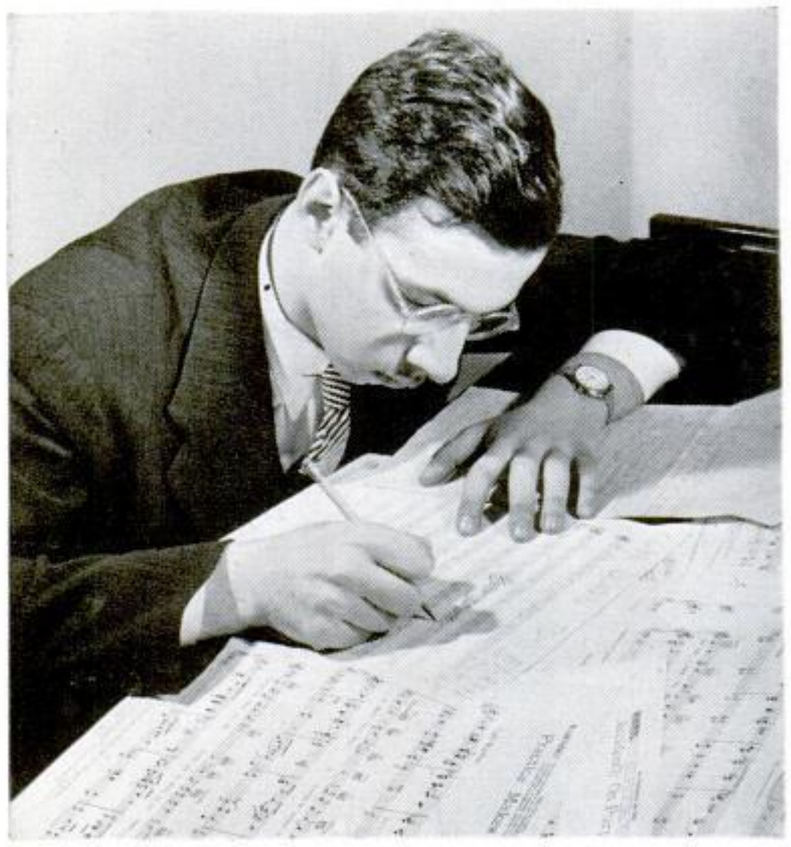

BMI's best find so far is 19-year-old Ernest Gold, a professional song writer, whose *Practice Makes Perfect* is a full-time song hit.

Arrangement department at BMI is very busy. This roomful is making new arrangements of standard music. Biggest BMI bonanza is Stephen Foster, many of whose songs, no longer copyrighted, have been given new treatments. There has been big upswing recently in *I Dream of Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair* and *Beautiful Dreamer.*

BMI RELIES ON NEW UNKNOWNS AND NEW VERSIONS OF OLD FAVORITES

The radio industry is said to have invested $3,000,000 in BMI and has so far got about 300 new songs and the rights to 250,000 old ones of varying value and popularity. Unable to lure any important composers from ASCAP, BMI concentrates on finding new talent. Since word went out that BMI was anxious to get music from anybody, the unpublished works of hundreds of carpenters, salesmen, washwomen and kindred neglected geniuses have poured in on BMI. Out of the flood a few promising numbers have been snagged. This emphasis on new talent is one of BMI's strong points because ASCAP tends to favor established composers at the expense of up-and-coming ones.

A good deal of BMI's energy has gone into rearranging old songs on whose melodies the copyright has expired. The familiar settings of many religious songs like *The Lord's Prayer, The Lord Is My Shepherd* and *Kol Nidre* all belong to ASCAP. But, by giving them new accompaniments, BMI can also use them. Here, however, BMI has run into a serious bottleneck. Notes on sheet music have to be carefully hand drawn by autographers before being engraved and printed. Although BMI has hired every autographer it could find, there still aren't enough available to give BMI the output it would like to have.

BMI's output, spread out above on desk of Sales Manager Julius P. Witmark Jr., is steady and increasing. Unknown composers flock to BMI's offices, keep the reception room (*below*) always well crowded. BMI gets 2,500 new songs for consideration in average week and publishes only ten of them, as well as four rearranged old numbers.

BMI's prettiest find is Joan Whitney, a supper-club singer, who has collaborated on *So You're the One* and *High on a Windy Hill.*

THERE IS TOO MUCH HUSH-HUSH ABOUT CONSTIPATION..

Constipation needs to be talked about. For you can really do something to relieve common constipation.

Medical research has devised an intelligent modern way.

Certain muscles in your body, that you cannot see or feel, play a most important part in the elimination of waste. When sufficient bulk is lacking in your food, these muscles may get little exercise.

Soon they become flabby and you are likely to be constipated. However, when they are regularly exercised by bulk, which gives them work to do, they tend to firm up and you are less likely to be constipated.

SARÁKA *exercises the intestinal muscles.*

SARÁKA was created to give you bulk and to help you exercise your intestinal muscles in a convenient, practical way. SARÁKA is a modern medical improvement over the roughage and toughage which civilized man need no longer tolerate in his food. A few tiny granules . . . small and easy to take . . . expand to form the soft bulk so often needed to exercise the lazy intestine and work the under-worked bowel.

SARÁKA is different. The gentle bulk it forms is soft, not rough; smooth, not harsh; jelly-like, not oily. There is nothing else exactly like SARÁKA. SARÁKA is *not* bulk alone. In addition to bulk it also contains a gentle vegetable aid to elimination. It supplies "softage," not roughage; softage with a plus*, for dual action.

If you suffer with common constipation, take SARÁKA faithfully for a few days and begin to re-educate your intestinal muscles. See how easily this intelligent modern method helps to healthful regularity. Get SARÁKA at your druggist today.

SARÁKA

FOR UNDER-WORKED INTESTINES

FREE: WRITE FOR "THE INSIDE STORY OF CONSTIPATION"

A doctor takes much of the "Hush-Hush" and mystery out of one of mankind's commonest problems—gives modern scientific facts—reveals some of the dangers of ignorance of those facts. There is no charge for this illustrated booklet • Address Dept. 102, Saráka, Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, P.O. Box 358, Place d'Armes, Montreal.

**Bassorin plus frangula*

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HARRY PETERS IN HIS PINK HUNTING COAT AT MEADOW BROOK CLUB LOOKS AS IF HE BELONGED IN ONE OF HIS OWN CURRIER & IVES PRINTS

CURRIER & IVES PRINTS

FROM THE GREAT PETERS COLLECTION

To Harry Twyford Peters, the collecting of Currier & Ives prints has been a long labor of love. As sportsman, scholar, individualist and Master of Fox Hounds at the Meadow Brook Club on Long Island, Harry Peters has a marked affinity for those relatively halcyon days of the last century recorded by the great firm of print makers.

Harry Peters was the first man to rediscover and recognize the importance of Currier & Ives. He is the world's foremost authority on the subject. His collection of 6,000 Currier & Ives is the largest in existence. On the next pages, LIFE is pleased to present 16 prints from this great collection, which because they depict the joys of outdoor life seem especially appropriate for a holiday season.

As a New York office boy at 16, Harry Peters began his long quest for Currier & Ives. He collected colored lithographs at a dime a dozen, often rescued them from stable doors. As he enlarged his collection, Peters went out of his way to get acquainted with the artists who used to work for the firm, gathered a wealth of fact and anecdote which in 1929 he published in two magnificent volumes, *Currier & Ives, Print Makers to the American People*, Volume I, listed at $40, soon boomed to $450. Volume II, containing less of Peters' own pithy text, was priced at $75 and climbed to $150.

Although he is now director of twelve companies, Peters for 37 years has occupied the same small office of Williams & Peters (coal company) in New York. Against the wall is a roll-top desk. At the window is a hard, high wooden chair where Peters sits and looks at the harbor 23 stories below. He says he likes to pretend he is captain of a ship.

In his spare time Peters at 60 still disports himself like a country squire. One of the oldest Masters of Fox Hounds in America, he has held his post at Meadow Brook for 27 years. Lately he has shared his title with his friend, Harvey D. Gibson. Several years ago Peters broke his hip playing polo. It is still painful and makes him slightly lame, but he rode with nearly every hunt this autumn. At a Madison Square Garden dog show two years ago he caused considerable excitement by staging its first exhibition of sheepherding, with collies herding the sheep into corrals. To accompany this display, he engaged four Scotch bagpipers. Peters' own ancestry is Scotch.

He is often invited to lecture at art museums, where he expounds his pet theory that sports have had a greater influence on art than religion. In Long Island he is a kind of father confessor and honorary head of 2,000 Boy Scouts. Occasionally he chastises his Scouts for some misdemeanor. But he swears with customary warmth they are the best in America.

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AMERICAN WINTER SPORTS

TROUT FISHING "ON CHATEAUGAY LAKE"

AMERICAN WINTER SCENES

EVENING

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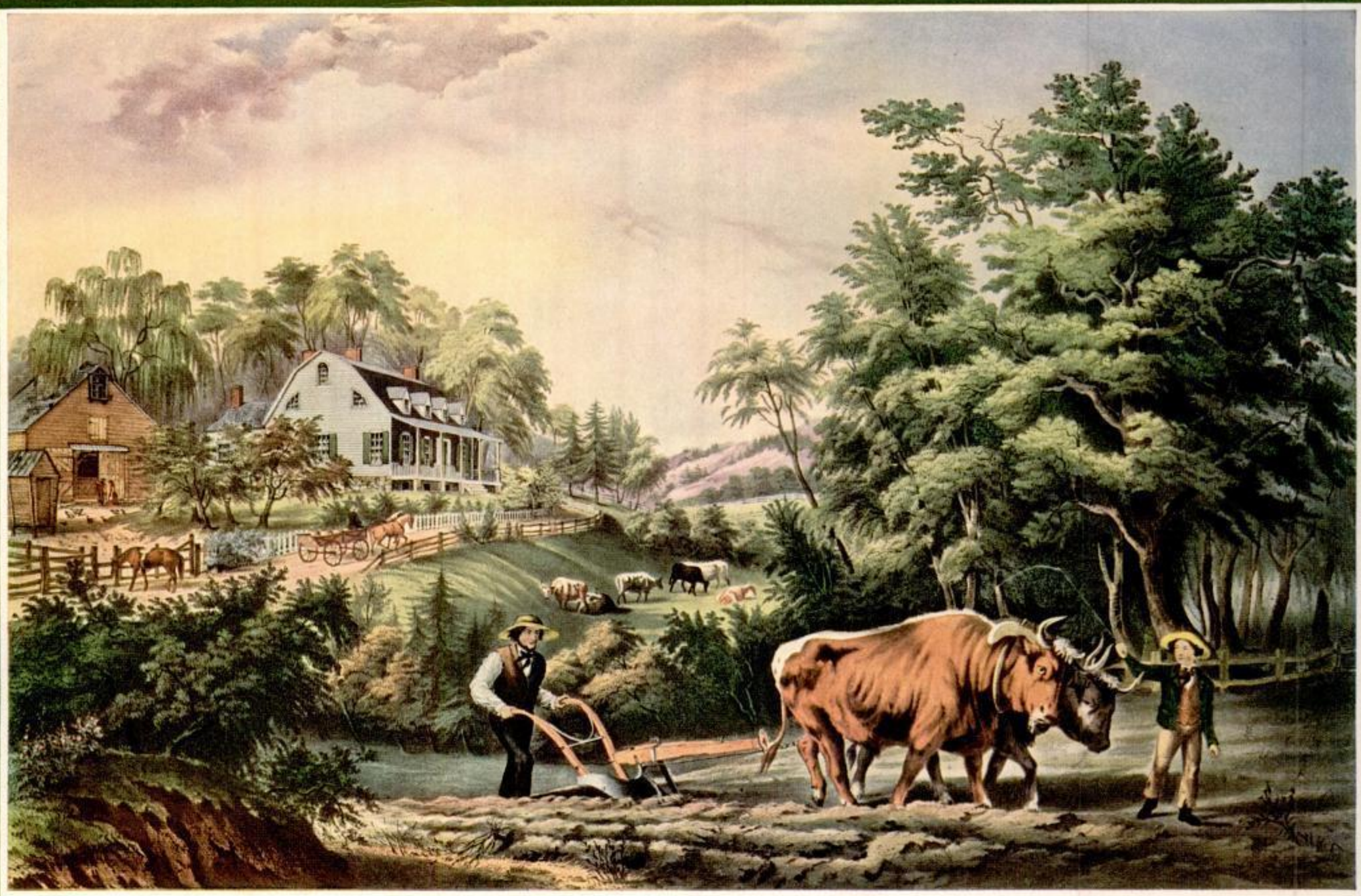

AMERICAN FARM SCENES

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

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AUTUMN IN NEW ENGLAND

CIDER MAKING

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

"THE MORNING RIDE"

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THE FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE: CHILDHOOD

THE FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE: YOUTH

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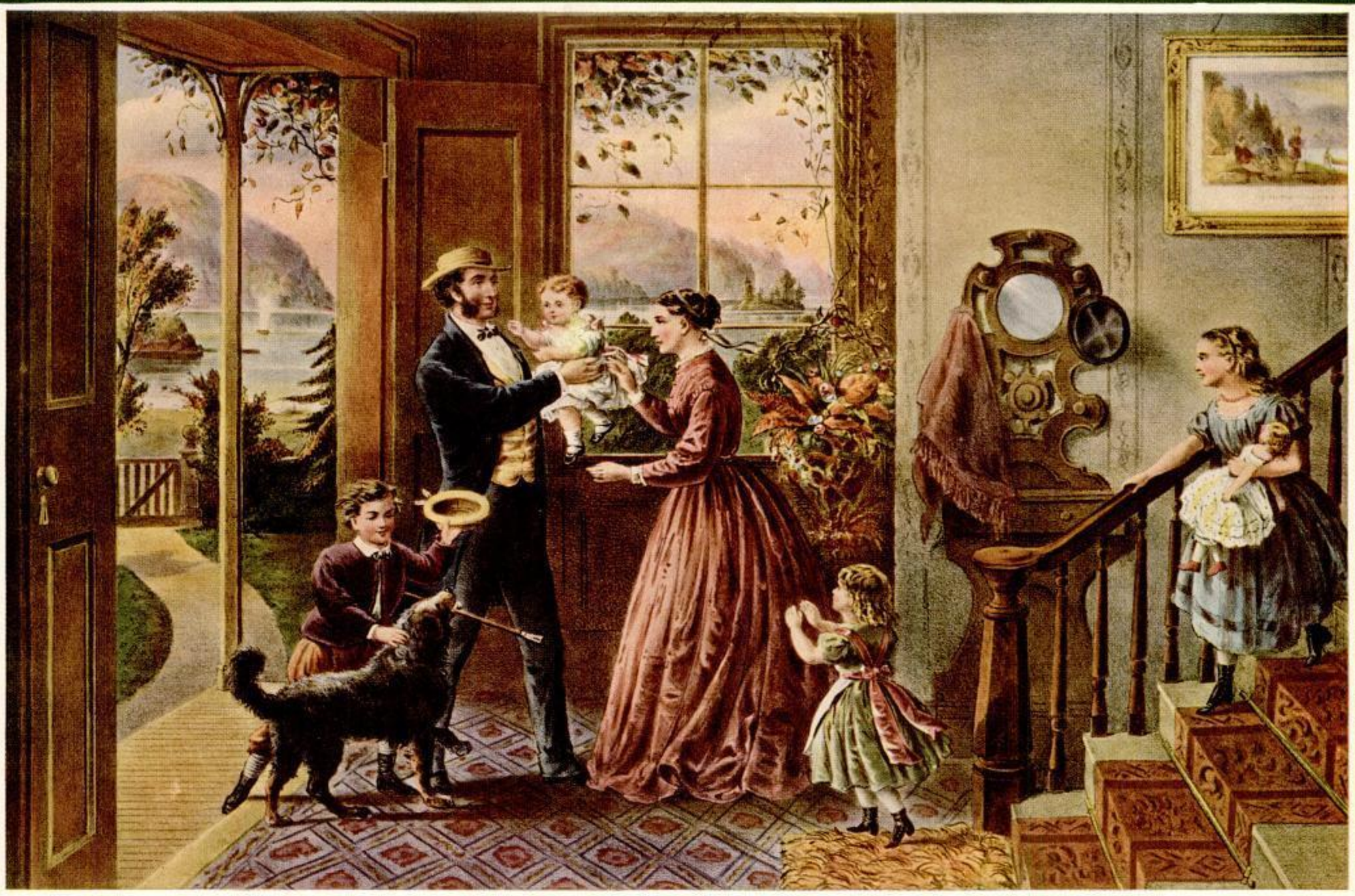
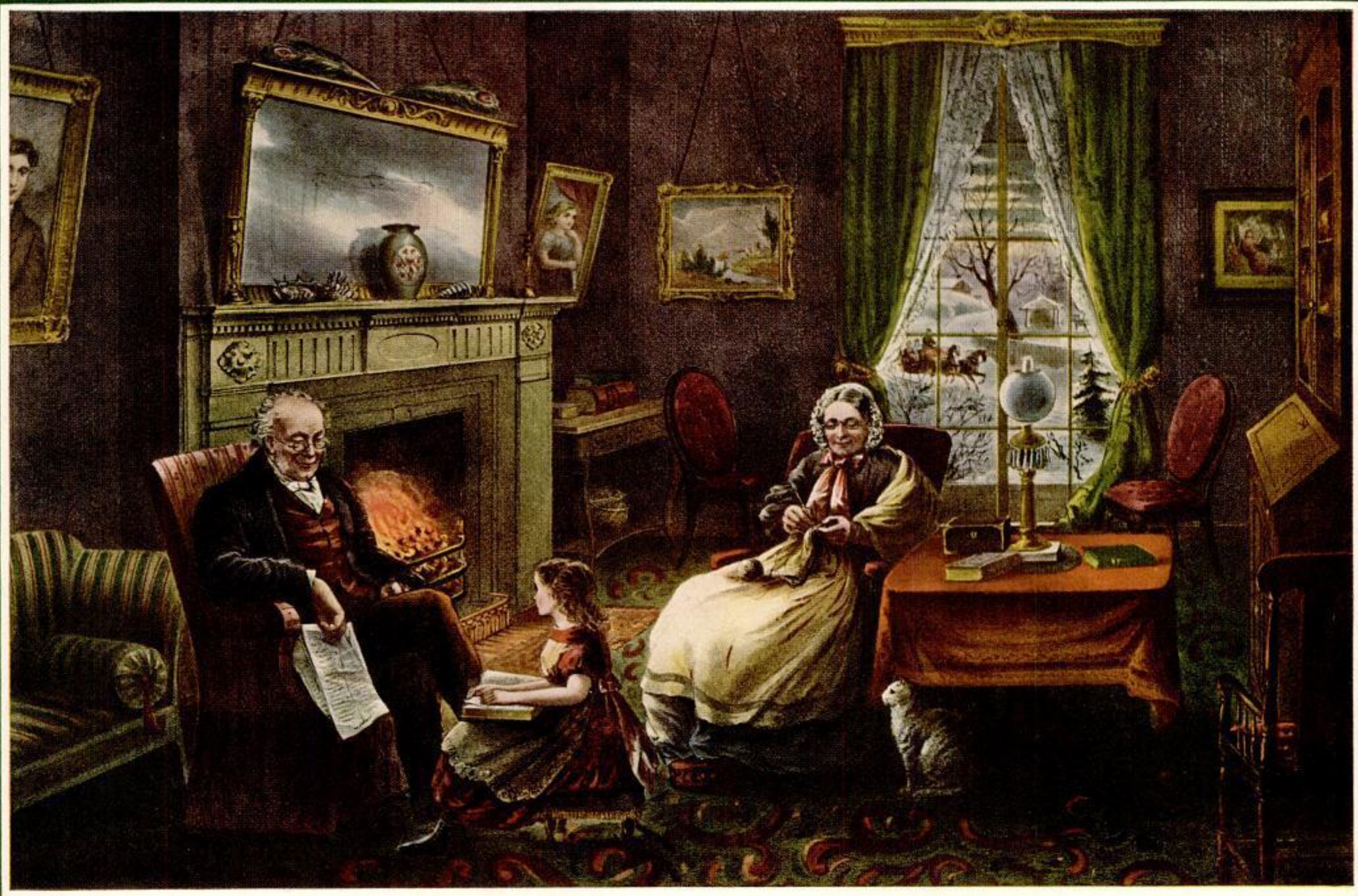


THE FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE: MIDDLE AGE



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HOLIDAYS IN THE COUNTRY

TROUBLESOME FLIES

EVENTIDE - OCTOBER

THE VILLAGE INN

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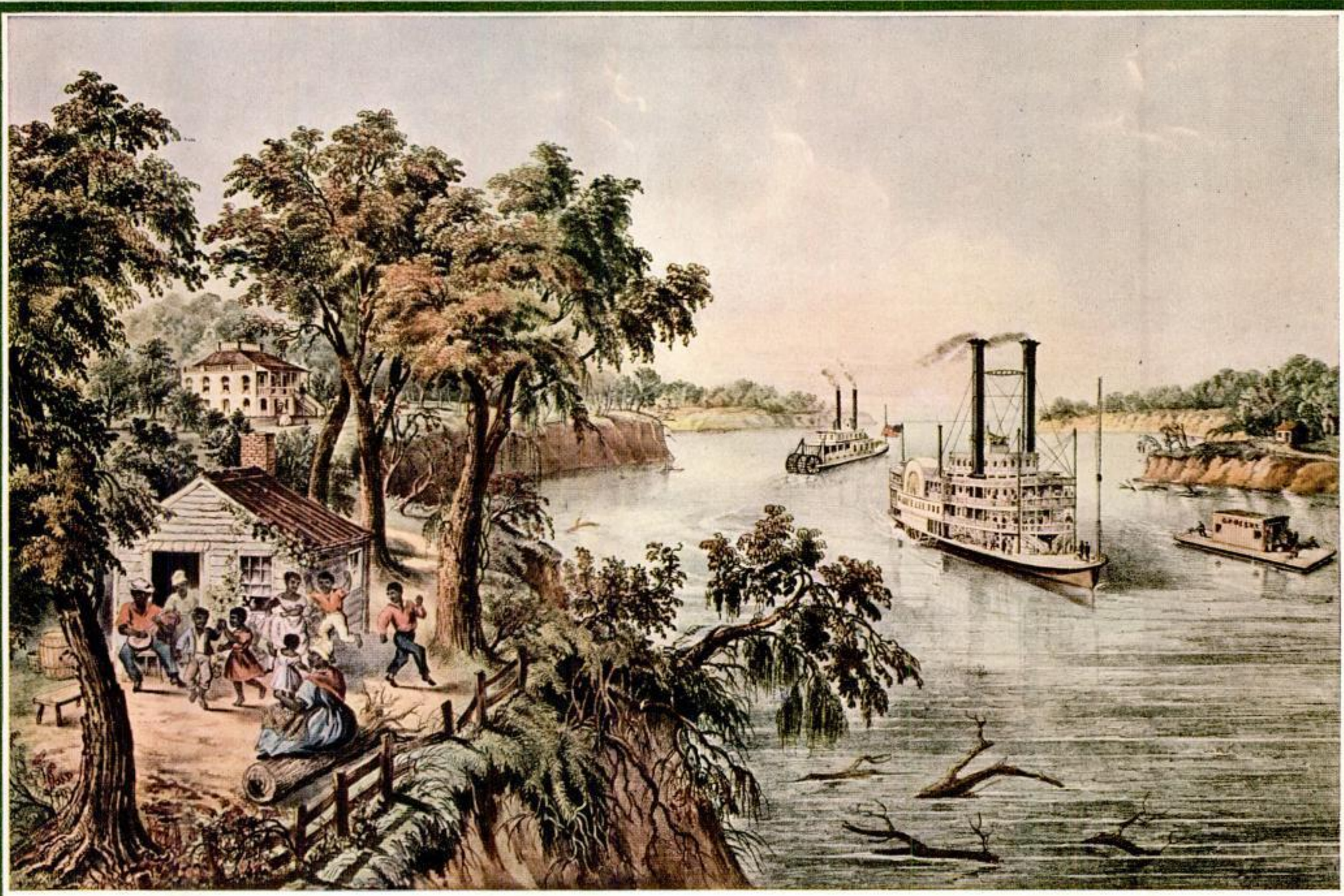

LOW WATER IN THE MISSISSIPPI

CAMPING IN THE WOODS

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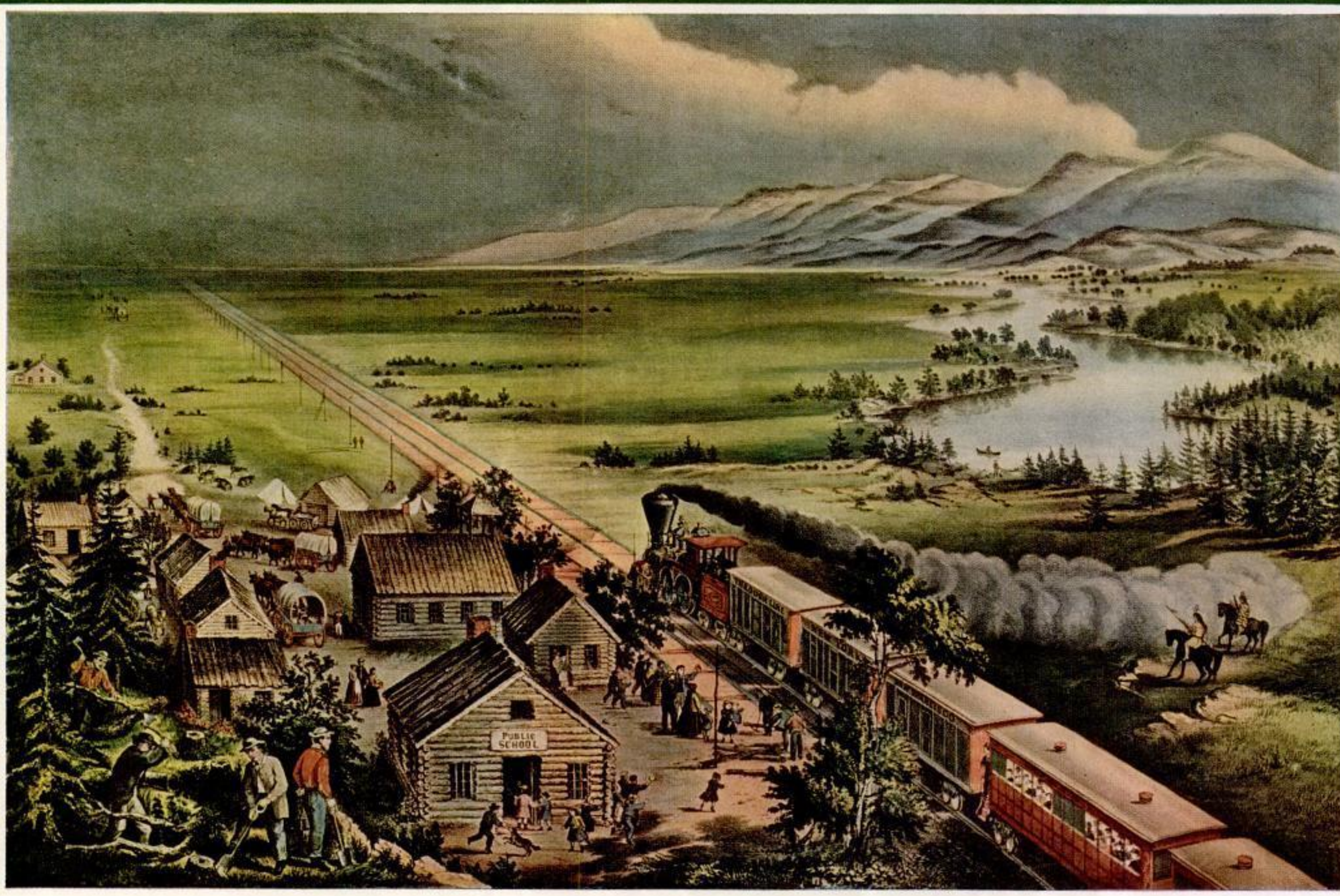
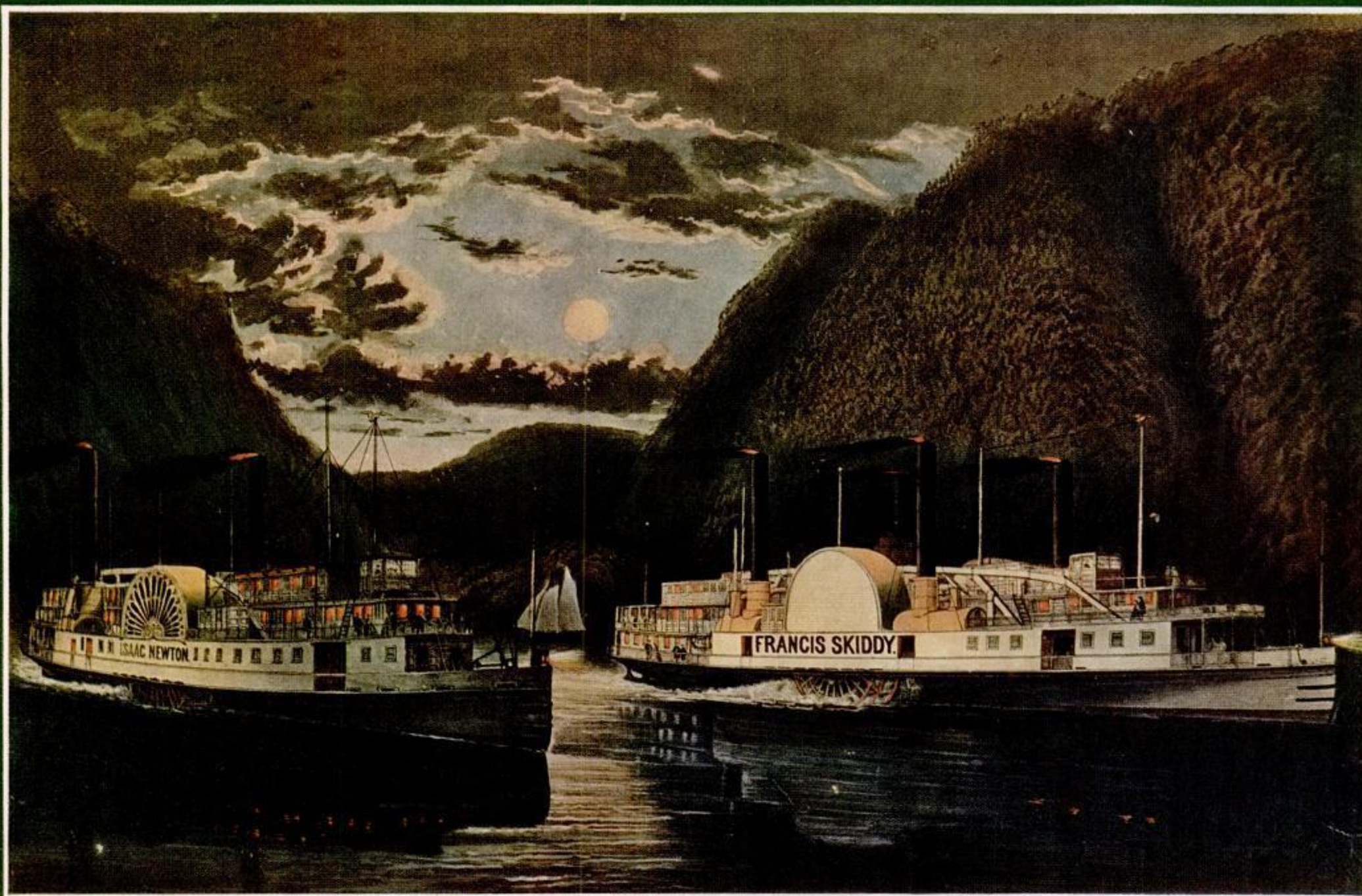


ACROSS THE CONTINENT

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"



A NIGHT ON THE HUDSON

"THROUGH AT DAYLIGHT"

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MR. CURRIER & MR. IVES

THEIR FIRM'S STORY

Every morning at 7 a crowd of peddlers used to enter the little shop of Currier & Ives shown below on this page From huge bins they selected whatever pictures they hoped would capture their customers. They left a cash deposit. Then they piled their prints into pushcarts and rolled across the town, hawking the latest deathbed scenes, shipwrecks or lush country landscapes. At evening they returned their unsold stock to the shop, reclaimed their deposits and squared up accounts.

By such elementary methods as this, the firm of Currier & Ives led the popular picture business from 1840 to 1890. They helped America get acquainted with itself. Their lithographs of doe-eyed New England damsels were tacked to Mississippi flatboats. Their dashing pioneers, framed in walnut, enlivened the parlors of New England stay-at-homes. And through a London office they introduced Americans to curious Europeans.

Wholesale, Currier & Ives prints were 6c apiece. Retail, they went for 15c to 25c, or up to $3 for an elegant folio. But even in the firm's heyday, when it cataloged more than 4,317 prints, business was widely adapted to its pushcart customers. And for everybody, including the Prince of Wales who browsed delightedly through the New York store in 1860, terms were strictly cash.

Nathaniel Currier from Roxbury, Mass. began his apprenticeship in a Boston lithographer's shop. At 22 he opened his own New York store at No. 1 Wall Street. During his second year of business in 1835 the nearby Merchants' Exchange burned down. It was a beautiful blaze. Four days later Currier released the first colored lithograph of the disaster with lurid flames and heroic firemen. When it was sold as an extra with the New York *Sun*, the whole town marveled at Currier's speedy presses.

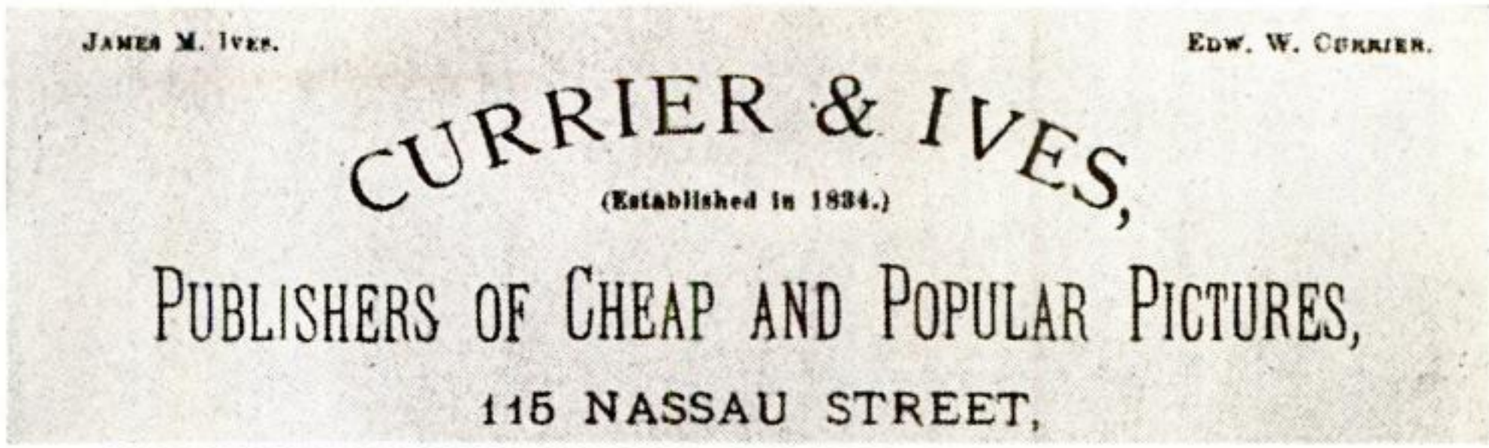
Five years later a steamboat caught fire on Long Island Sound. This time Nat Currier worked still faster, issued his famous lithograph, *The Awful Conflagration of the Steam Boat Lexington*, in three days. People heard about it all over the country and Currier's fame was assured. Thereafter Currier covered every major disaster, and, to please a nation of fire worshipers, released a new print every time a hencoop burned down.

In 1852 plump, jovial James Ives was hired, made himself so valuable as a bookkeeper and an artist that he soon became a partner. *The Four Seasons of Life*, shown here on pages 30–31, show Ives's handiwork.

Most Currier & Ives prints were first submitted in the form of sketches or oil paintings. Artists received about $10 a picture and there were no royalties. Connected with the firm was a staff of specialists. George Durrie excelled at painting snow, rocks, lichens. Charles Parsons was a marine expert. Thomas Worth did Negro comics. Arthur Tait did hunting scenes. Louis Maurer was wonderful at horses. Fanny Palmer was so good at sketching farmyards that she was often rushed to Long Island in Nat Currier's buggy for a quick order of rural charm. Several artists often worked on one picture, each contributing his particular specialty.

Pictures were then copied onto stone plates by expert lithographers. When the black-and-white prints came off the presses, they were sent to the fifth floor of the Spruce Street factory. Here, seated at long tables, artists with paint pots each applied one color. At the end of the line, prints emerged completely painted, but with noticeable variations.

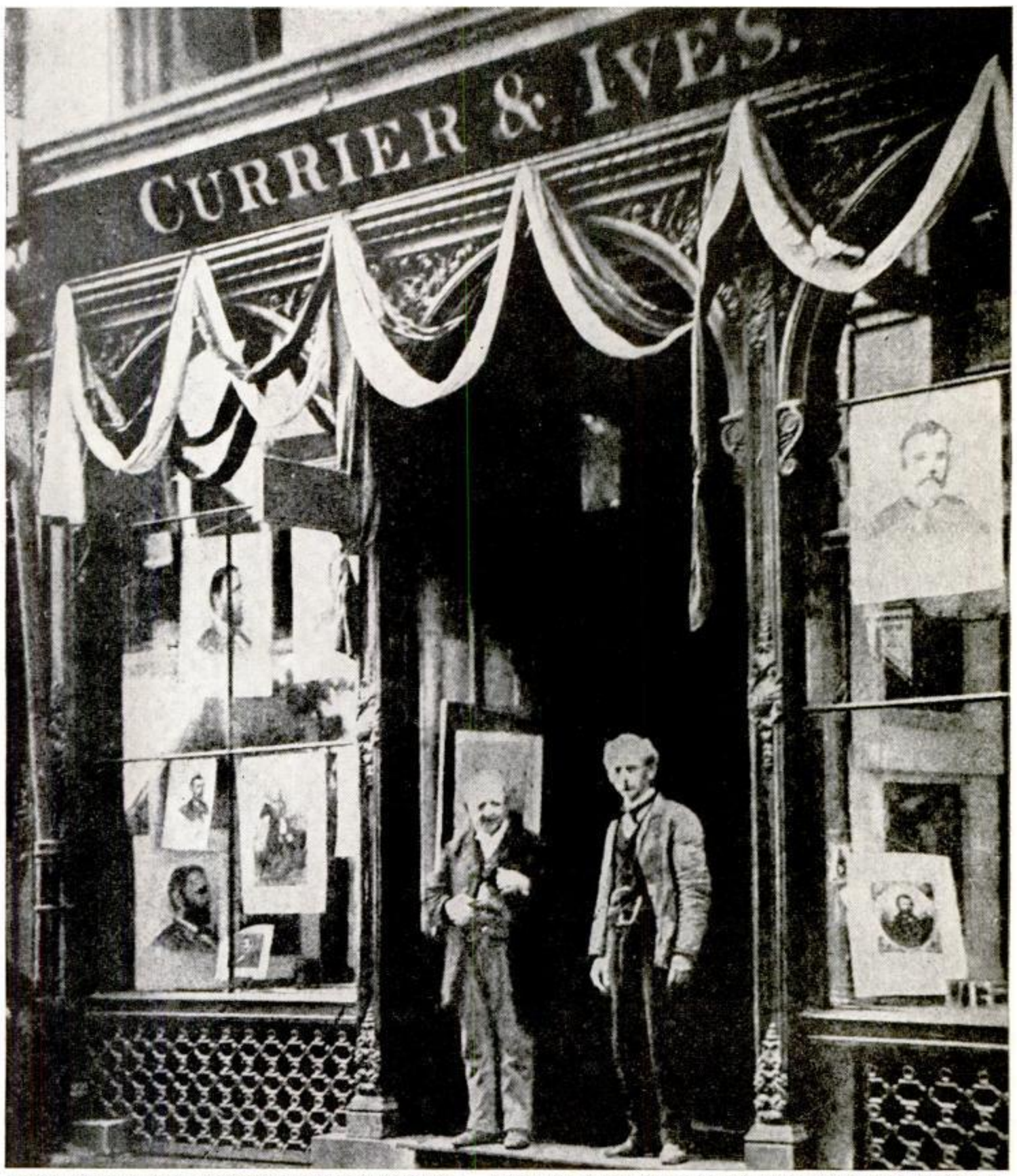
With the death of Nathaniel Currier in 1888, the great firm of Currier & Ives slumped. Improved color printing and photography hurried its final collapse in 1907. But the Currier & Ives tradition of popular reporting endures. It was the beginning in America of pictorial journalism.



THIS IS THE FIRM'S LETTERHEAD IN THE 1880's AFTER EDWARD CURRIER HAD REPLACED HIS FATHER

Nathaniel Currier, tall, blond and courtly, often posed for his own artists. Currier was better at business than art.

James Ives was the brother-in-law of Nat Currier's brother. He was born in New York on grounds of Bellevue Hospital.



HERE IS THE NASSAU STREET SHOP, OPEN 48 YEARS. AT RIGHT IS SALES MANAGER DAN LOGAN WITH A FRIEND

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Conceiving new numbers, Astaire often looks back. Here, in an Aiken theater, he sees himself in *Second Chorus*. His film anthology of his own dances runs four hours. Below: he charts a sequence: his feet light rhythmically on proper squares with machine-tool precision.

Mr. and Mrs. Astaire married in 1933. She was the former Phyllis Livingston Baker, daughter of Dr. Harold W. Baker, Boston physician and socialite. Mr. Astaire, 41, was born in Omaha, Neb.

FRED ASTAIRE PLOTS OUT NEW ROUTINES AT HIS IN-LAWS' HOME IN AIKEN, S. C.

Many a great performer chooses to live with his profession. Others prefer a life apart. Fred Astaire, who is probably the greatest exponent of America's only important autochthonous dance form, is notable in Hollywood for his absence from that city's social life. Though he owns a home in Beverly Hills, he spends much of each year at Aiken, S. C., where his wife's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Worthington Bull, own a large and gracious estate. Here Mr. Astaire plotted routines for his forthcoming picture, *Second Chorus*. Here, a fortnight ago, he reiterated those routines and created some new ones for LIFE's photographer, George Karger.

It is not often that shy, offish Fred Astaire admits a cameraman to his family unit. When working he works hard. When vacationing, he adheres to simple pleasures. Fred Astaire, as these pictures show, is more than an able tap dancer. He is a superb technician who has successfully synthesized the classic attitudes of ballet (*note "temps de poisson" at upper right, opposite*) with the footwork and rhythms of pure American buck and wing.

Freddy Jr., 5, serves as his father's partner when no one bigger is around. He has been dancing since he was 2 years old. "Whenever he hears music," notes Mr. Astaire, "he rattles around a bit."

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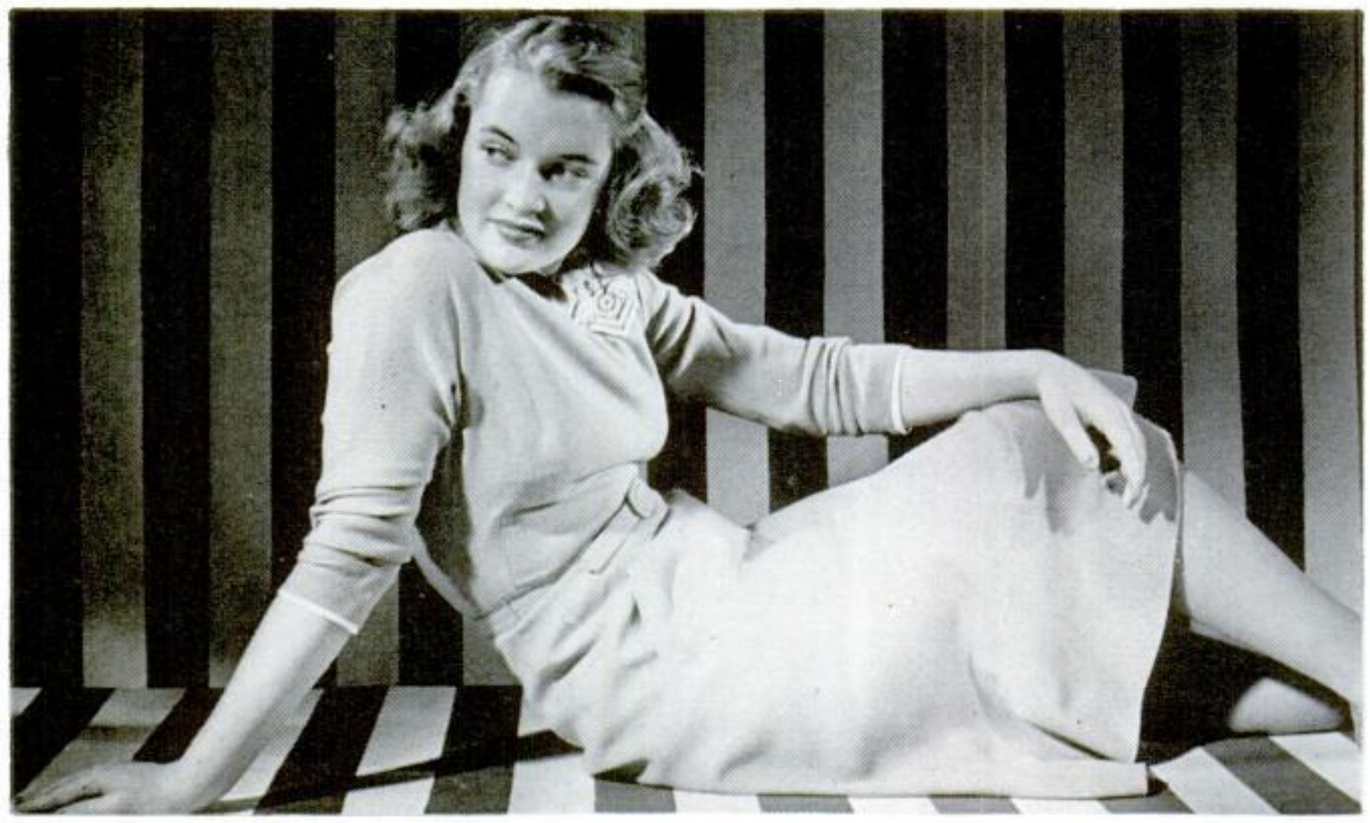
WEALTH OF NEW COLORS LURES WOMEN FROM DULL HUES

More colors, in fabrics and ready-to-wear dresses, than the fashion world has ever seen before are now available for the midwinter wardrobes of American women. The use of color in personal adornment is not a passing fancy but a deep-rooted natural instinct. Yet millions of women will monotonously continue to purchase "safe" blues and blacks. With new dyes, new processes, new fabrics combining to give women the greatest abundance of color the world has ever known, only ignorance now keeps them in somber colors.

To help overcome an acquired resistance to color in wearing apparel, LIFE herewith prints four color charts, one each for four different types. No two women have the same temperament or color of hair, skin, eyes. All these factors are of paramount importance when choosing colors. Therefore these charts can at best serve only as suggestions to individual imaginations.



THREE OF MANY COLORS IN WHICH THIS MIDSEASON MODEL WITH SLOPING SHOULDERS IS AVAILABLE

Chestnut

COLORS FROM WARM GROUPS BEST FOR THOSE WITH GLINTS OF RED IN HAIR

Women with glints of red in their hair should give as much consideration to their complexion as to their hair in planning color harmonies. The brunette on the page opposite with her neutral skin tone and brown eyes is at her best in non-sharp colors. She may choose either from the "warm" group (i.e. the reds, oranges and yellows) or the "cool" group (i.e. the greens, blues and violets) so long as they are broken with another color, as for example grays or browns. Danger in the use of cold gray is that it may make the complexion look sallow. Furthermore, gray suggests fog, dreariness, solemnity, is usually associated with maturity. It is completely neutral. Although browns heighten the color of the brown eyes, they give no life either to skin or hair of this type. Note how the green brings out the red glint in the hair, the red heightens the cheek tones and the blue and white tend to darken both skin and hair coloring.

Blonde

BROKEN COLORS ARE MOST FLATTERING TO BLONDES WHETHER VIVID OR MOUSY

All fair-haired women, whether their hair be the color of straw or gold, consider themselves blondes. Of these, those with blue or gray eyes and clear, light skins can follow the same general color schemes whether their hair be vivid blonde or neutral blonde. In both cases pure colors should be avoided. The vivid blonde should avoid them because her own coloring is so brilliant; the neutral blonde because the vivid colors are overpowering. The blonde at right should avoid all colors which are too close to the color of her hair in value, except in the last picture where a second color is added. Most flattering shades to a vivid blonde are broken colors like the brown, blue and red opposite, or the decidedly light, like the lavender and light blue which are broken with an off-white. Women who are blondes by grace of the beauty parlor should always wear pastels, consider their skin tone and eyes when choosing colors.

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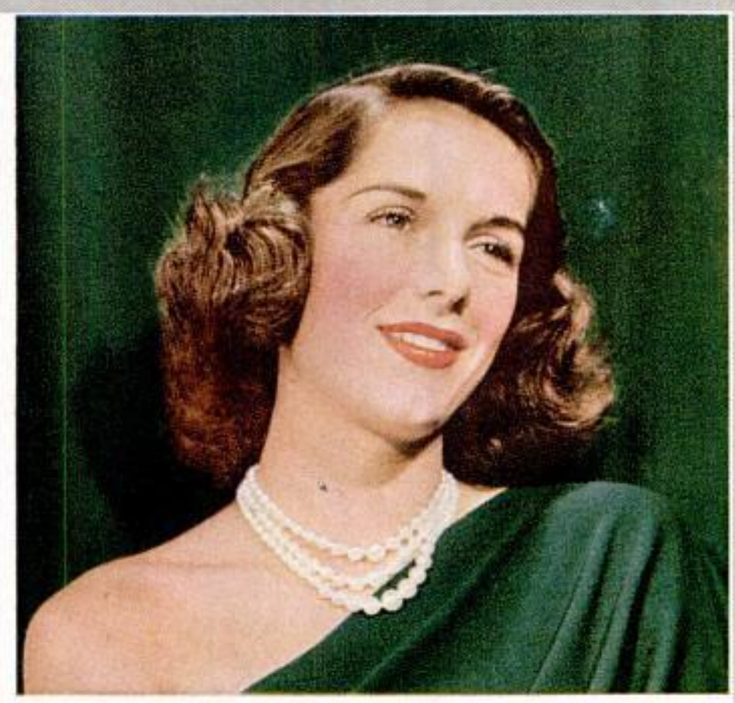

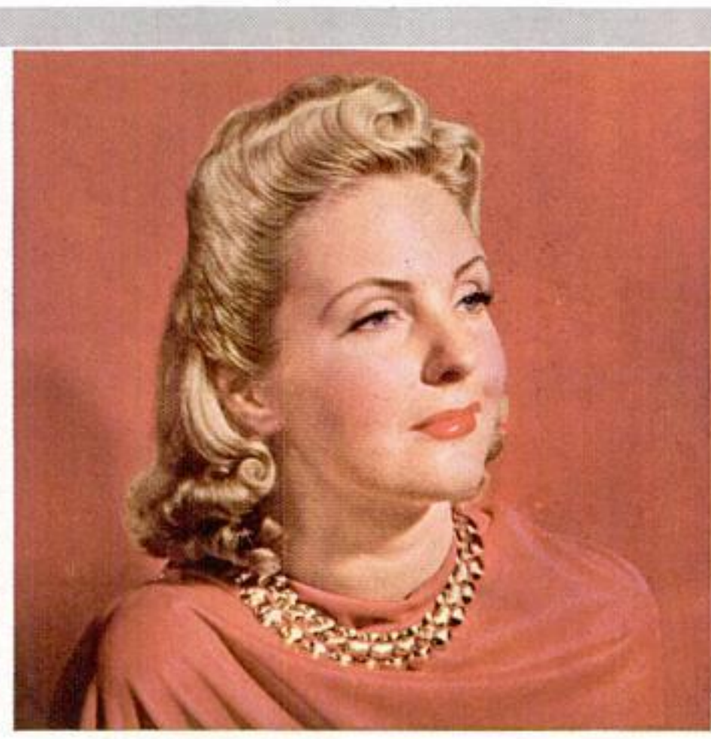

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Gray

COLORS SHOULD BE CHOSEN FROM THOSE MOST FLATTERING BEFORE HAIR TURNED

With courage and taste, gray-haired women can call upon an infinite variety of colors. In choosing colors, they should never forget what they were before they turned gray. Madame Gray on the opposite page may not look her best in the colors she wore when she was a brunette, but other colors in the same classification will still suit her best. Certain shades of gray are possible but unless they are definitely on the warm side, they are monotonous. Black, the absorption of all colors, is no color. It is negative, depressing, suggests death, despair. Furthermore, black is extremely trying to the yellower skin tones which come with age, therefore should be avoided unless set off by white or a bright color. Although yellow on a gray-haired person tints the hair unpleasantly, a gold ocher may be becoming. The most becoming colors are those which compliment the hair color, like the warm brown, green, red or deep mauve on the page opposite.

Brunette

VARIETY OF WARM AND COOL COLORS CAN BE WORN SUCCESSFULLY BY THIS TYPE

Color is becoming when it helps the skin to appear clear and vivid, when it brings luster to the color of the hair, when it enhances the color of the eyes. With a brunette, such as the one shown on the page opposite, the problem presented is one of an abundance of flattering colors to choose from. With her light, creamy skin, dark-brown eyes and dark-brown or black hair, she may wear nearly all the bright warm colors such as the two reds and yellow shown opposite, as well as the cool colors. Note how the neutral gray, a hue well avoided by most types, here acts as an excellent foil for the hair, making it appear even darker than it is. On the other hand, brilliant colors which usually drain natural color from the face can be worn successfully by Miss Vivid Brunette. Note how the deep blue gives a blue-black glow, and the red adds warmth to the skin tones. To this type deep blues and purples are most becoming under artificial light.

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How to qualify? You must be sound physically, 20 to 27 years of age, unmarried. You must have completed at least two years of college work, or pass a written examination covering equivalent work. The number of Flying Cadets that can be accepted is limited. Apply at once! Visit or write.

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First Corps Area .....Boston, Mass.
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Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or apply to your local Junior Chamber of Commerce

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"The phony war" brought out such pretty pictures as this of French artillerists scouting the No Man's Land of the Moselle Valley. The enemies bombarded one another with pamphlets, loud-speakers. French and British censorship was as brutal as German. America grew bored.

Real war in Finland left prosperous Finnish wooden town of Sortavala on Lake Ladoga a colonnade of chimneys, after systematic Russian bombing of Feb. 2, 1940. This smashing of Finnish economic life and attrition of Finnish reserves led inevitably to the peace terms of March 12, 1940.

LIFE LOOKS BACK ON A YEAR OF DISASTER

NEW PICTURES CHART PROGRESS OF EUROPE'S WAR THROUGH 1940

This week the war year of 1940 is finished. It will be long remembered as a year of unmitigated disaster for mankind. In Asia the Japanese war against China, now in its fourth inconclusive year, had taught the men of Chungking at last how to survive almost perpetual aerial bombardment (LIFE, Aug. 12). In Europe's war astonishing military events took their large place in the history books. On the following pages LIFE shows these events in new pictures which, due to the uncertainties of war and changing frontiers, arrived in the U. S. far behind the news.

What distinguished 1940 from the years before was that talk, vague fears and political maneuvers had ended. It was a time for brutal acts, for the big pay-off. In those twelve months the following nations were overthrown: Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Denmark, Norway, The Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, France. The year ended with Germany in control of the continent of Europe from Bordeaux to Narvik, from the North Sea to the Black Sea.

The year opened fairly painlessly with the period known as the *Sitzkrieg* or the "phony war." The Maginot Line of France, matched by the Siegfried Line of Germany, was thought to be an iron-and-concrete barrier to any real war of movement in the west. Only England, France and Germany were fighting and there were those who said that this war did not even deserve the title of World War II. The Allies rearmed with deliberation and thriftiness, taking care not to upset either Labor or Capital. "The greatest army in Europe" meant, of course, the French Army of Generalissimo Maurice Gamelin. It was chiefly pitied for the long boredom of sitting in the clammy Maginot Line.

Like an offstage noise in the north, the only real war in Europe was being fought by the Finns, defending themselves heroically against the hordes of Red Russia. They had outguessed, outmaneuvered and outfought the Russians, but when the Red Army mounted a massive assault on Finland's Mannerheim Line, the Finns sensibly asked and were given a peace.

The big news of that winter was not reported until it was too late. Germany, already holding a big head start in armament, was spending more than twice as much on additional armament as Britain and France combined. The German armies behind the Siegfried Line were tirelessly maneuvering, marching, practicing on models of the Belgian and French fortifications. Co-ordination, co-ordination, co-ordination, was the lesson being hammered into the brain of every German officer. They maneuvered by army corps and armies, by platoons and squads, by armored brigades and by bomber divisions. Like a boxer training for a zero hour, they were brought deliberately up to the pink of condition, until the German foot infantry was marching easily 40 miles a day.

On the night of April 9 a Nazi armada slipped past the shores of Denmark, across the Skagerrak and appeared, with perfect co-ordination, in the chief ports of Norway. The operation was a German masterpiece of combined sea, land and air action, greased with treachery. The traitors of Norway were astonishingly few, in view of the dazzling results achieved. The Norwegians after a moment of pure daze fought like demons. But almost instantly, Germany took Oslo, Bergen, Stavanger, Trondheim and Narvik. German re-inforcements came both by transport plane and transport. The British did not dare send their surface ships into the narrow Skagerrak under the German bombers to cut the German supply line. They did send a hastily assembled division or two to the few poor ports left them in Norway. With one joyous voice the British press exulted that Hitler had at last made a mistake—"an error as great as Napoleon's invasion of Spain," according to Churchill. Perhaps he was right in theory but in practice the British Expeditionary Force, lacking air support, anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns, bungled its chance to hem the Germans in the narrow Norwegian valleys. The only British gain from this far-north disaster was the replacement of Chamberlain by Churchill as the Prime Minister.

Up snowy Norwegian valley, heavily armed German infantry moving in fast assault columns, push back Norwegian advance units. Peaceful, unarmed Norway had been rearming frantically for two years, but it was not enough. Allies still hoped for a great victory here.

Symbol of victory is this German wigwagging from a peak above the narrow channels outside Trondheim. These channels made it impossible for the British Navy to attack Trondheim directly. British columns advanced on it from north and south until Germans hit them in flank.

The attack on Narvik is seen above from a British warship shelling the mouth of the fjord. The British Expeditionary Force landed April 25, captured Narvik May 28 but were driven entirely out of Norway by June 7. Below is the British transport *Orama* sunk with small loss of life by German warships during the evacuation of Narvik. On fire, it is being looked over by a German destroyer. The British lost six destroyers, two cruisers and an aircraft carrier by German planes and German sea action in the expensive naval operation of Norway.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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GERMANS DEVOUR WESTERN EUROPE

On the dawn of May 10, without any warning, Germany opened the battle that was to prove by far the biggest and most decisive in world history. It was called first the Battle of Flanders, then the Battle of France, but it was really the Battle of Europe. Completing the Battles of Poland and Norway, it integrated non-Soviet Europe in one mailed Nazi fist.

This Battle of Europe may be divided into 1) a relatively light tap at the Netherlands, plus parachute troops and treachery; 2) a heavier jab at north Belgium and the Albert Canal line; and 3) a sledge-hammer blow at Sedan, at the northern tip of the Maginot Line. The French and British mistook the second for the real thing and rushed to meet it. When the third blow fell, they were thus trapped well inside Belgium, with about 150 German divisions between them and France.

German assault troops, here emerging from beneath railroad cars to attack the Albert Canal line, were young, tough and disciplined. In all, there were 240 divisions of them. But despite the world's idea that the conquest was merely by planes and tanks, it actually depended on the old-fashioned tactic of a superior mass of firepower at the decisive point.

The demoralization of France came when the equivalent of cavalry patrols pierced far behind the French front lines. The Germans came in tanks, motorcycles, armored

Scared men are these weeping Belgian soldiers running out of a surrendered Belgian fort. A helmeted and armed German soldier can be seen just behind them, prodding them on. This is rear entrance to the fort, its iron gate and anti-tank traps demolished by bomb and shell. It was probably out-flanked after the Germans had broken through elsewhere by assault.

Refugees fought effectively but unwittingly on the side of Germany. Especially in Belgium and France, the hatred and fear of the Nazis persuaded every other family to

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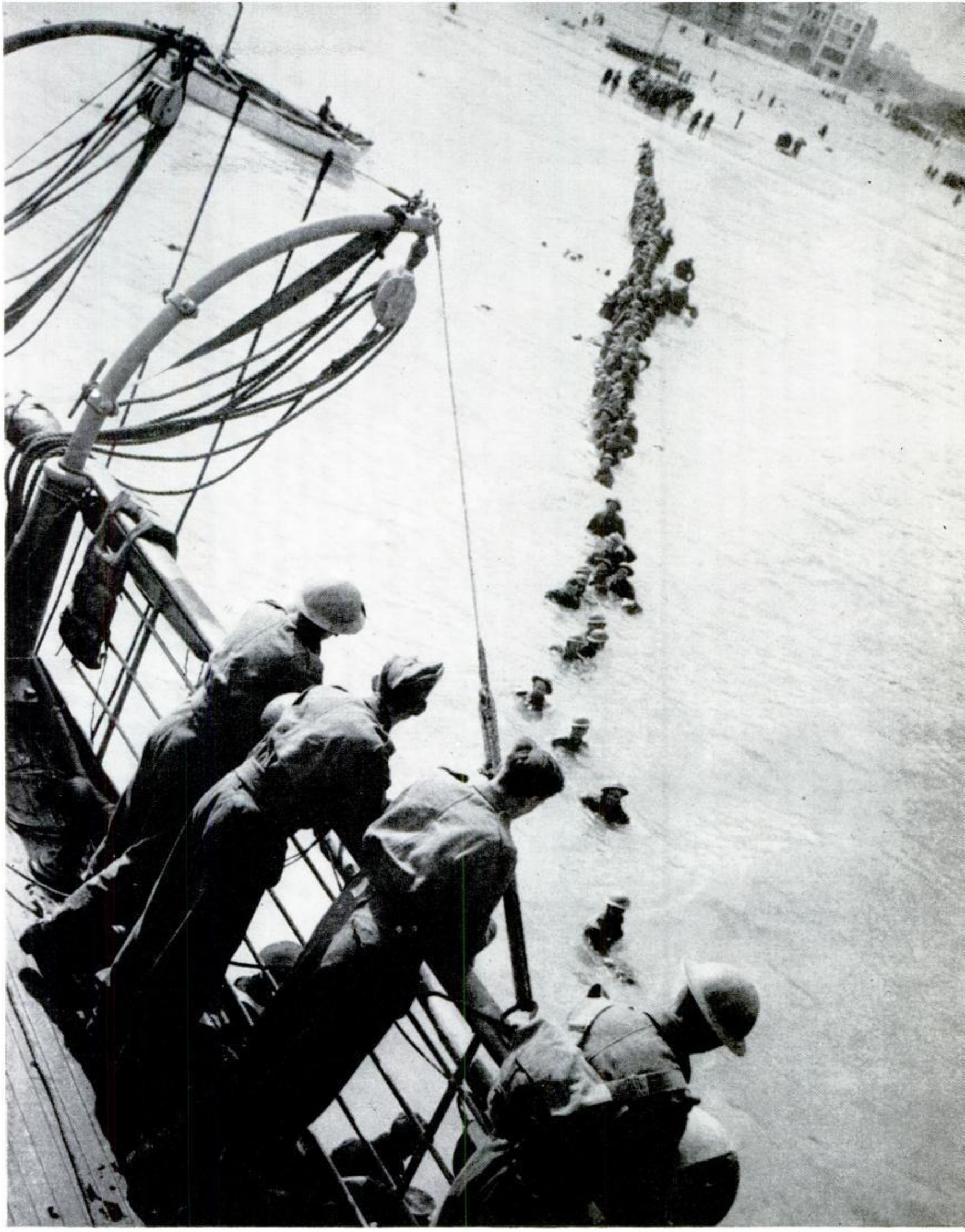
At this moment seapower, *plus airpower*, stepped in. Protected by the Royal Air Force, the British Navy saved some 350,000 troops from the Flanders trap. But the French Army, whose morale had ebbed away through the demoralizing winter of defensive inaction, was broken. From Dunkirk to France's surrender was 14 days. So utter was the German victory that the death and destruction was picayune compared with the War of 1914–18.

cars, sometimes even on horseback. Here they roll into a little French town just west of Sedan to find that the German Air Force has already left the town a shambles.

take to the road. Result was to make all Flanders and northern France one honking, cursing traffic jam. This is part of the jam crawling south out of Paris in June.



The evacuation of Dunkirk saved the disaster from becoming black rout and annihilation, for it showed that at least for one moment in one place the British Army could do one thing that it wanted to do. The real reason was that the Royal Air Force concentrated in the air over Dunkirk and won local air superiority. Above: British soldiers wade out from the beach to British boats. Below is the emergency pier the British made at Dunkirk by driving into the sea their trucks and tanks.

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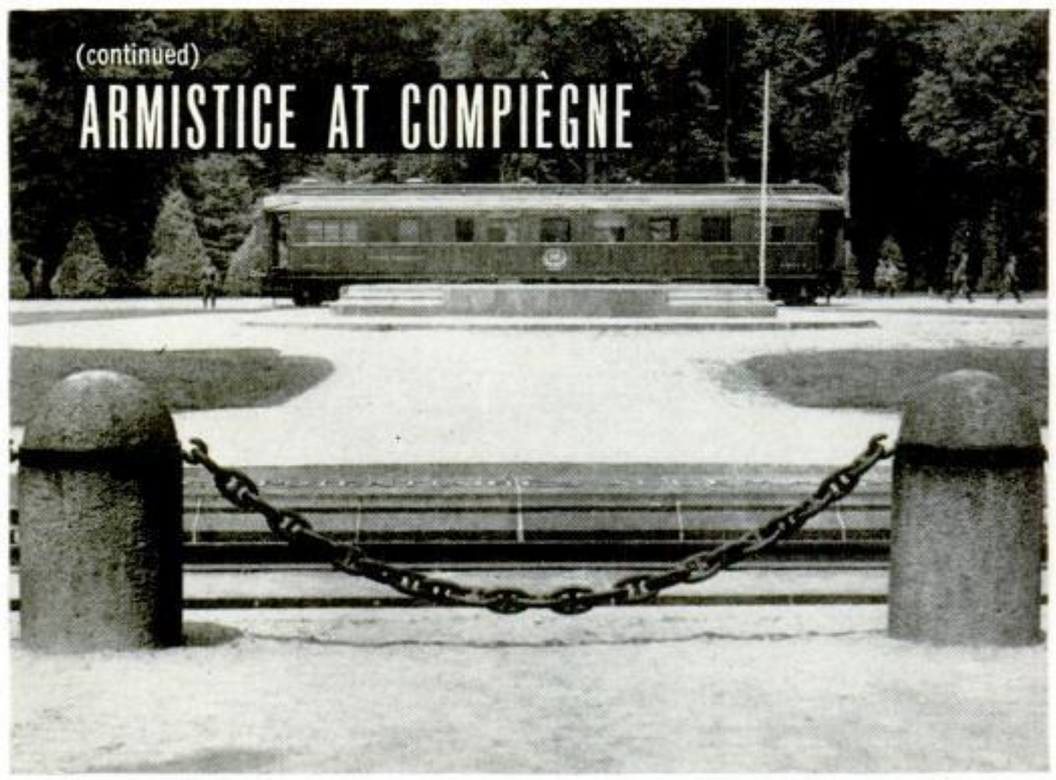
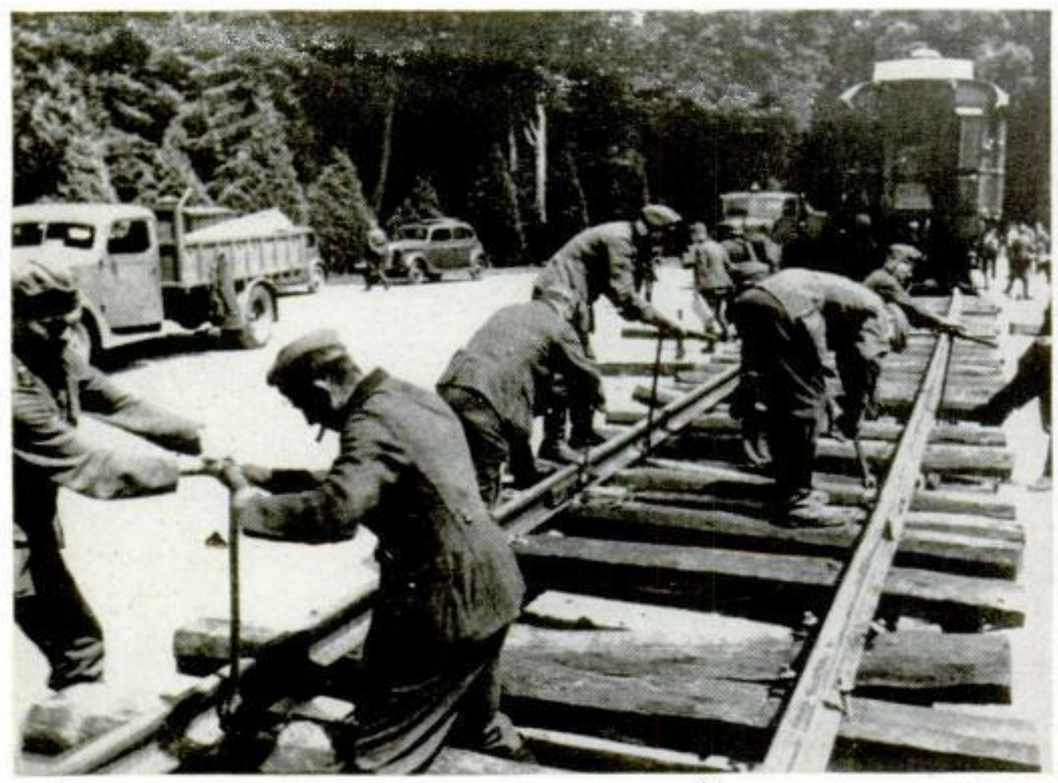
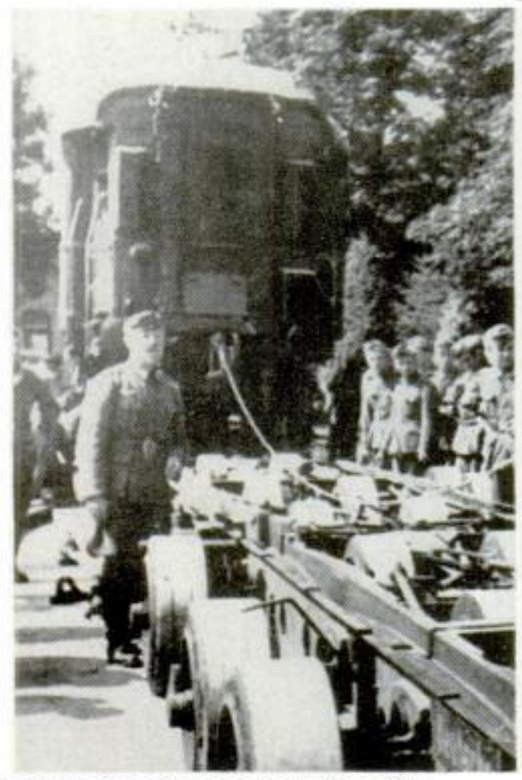
ARMISTICE AT COMPIÈGNE



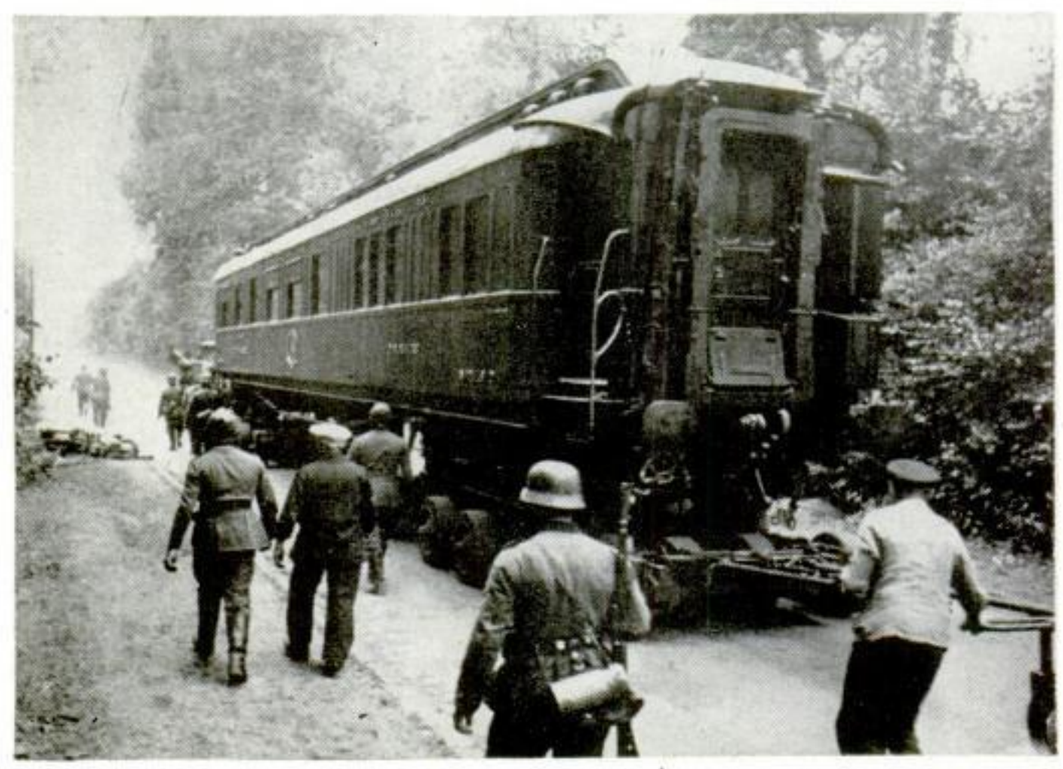
ARMISTICE CAR OF 1918 IS ROLLED OUT OF MUSEUM SHED AT COMPIÈGNE AND GÖRING & HITLER (RIGHT) ARRIVE

INSIDE CAR ON JUNE 21 HITLER (LEFT) AND FRENCH LISTEN TO KEITEL READ THE ARMISTICE TERMS





GERMAN SOLDIERS LAY NEW TRACKS AT COMPIÈGNE TO RUN ARMISTICE CAR ONTO UNDERCARRIAGE (RIGHT)



ARMISTICE CAR SETS OFF FOR GERMANY AND ONLY STATUE OF FOCH (RIGHT) GUARDS ITS VACANT SITE

DEFEAT ENDS IN SURRENDER

When France cried "Enough," Hitler at German GHQ danced up and down and flapped his arms exultantly. The defeat of "the greatest army in Europe" was a purely military disaster but the surrender of France was a political disaster even more ominous for the future of Europe. The litter of French helmets on the streets was empty now of heads and the best men of France were in German prison camps or dead. For the official surrender Hitler dug up the old dining car in which the 1918 armistice had been signed by the beaten Germans and personally attended the ceremony in Compiègne forest.

The French surrender on the continent was a fine stroke of luck for Hitler. He leaped at the chance to maintain a puppet Fascist regime in an economically meaningless rump of France, for thus he could bring pressure on the French Empire and perhaps gradually absorb the French Fleet. The anomalous position of the Pétain regime, slaves in the trappings of free men, immediately neutralized vital Syria and French North Africa, blackmailed them with the threat of further demolition of the French fatherland.

The British did not fall for this pretense of a "Free France." Politically bold for the first time, they invited the French Battle Fleet at Oran to sail for the West Indies or surrender. The naive French admirals refused, whereupon the British squadron sank three French capital ships in Oran harbor.

Behind these events slowly emerged the shape of Hitler's plan. It was, simply, the old idea of Napoleon that the continent of Europe can be made one self-sufficient unit, independent of the world of exchange and free trade and credit. Napoleon called it "the continental system." Hitler calls it "the economy of work." Both are based on the grudging co-operation of conquered peoples under resounding slogans and the pomp and swagger of conquering armies. Hitler did not abolish France as he abolished Poland, because he proposed to use it.

Carefully avoiding Napoleon's mistakes, Hitler dismembered Rumania with great discretion, leaving some for Russia, and moved his troops into the Rumanian oil fields. He kept careful hands off the Slav nations of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. He treated the touchy but impotent Hungarians and Spaniards with kid gloves. He did not bother with such non-essentials as Switzerland. Then he signed up Japan, as a double threat both to the U. S. and the fringes of the British Empire.

After the fall of France, the U. S. suddenly woke up to the fact that the Nazi gun was pointed straight at this country, that Hitler's real enemy was the $22,000,000,000 in American gold, mostly buried in the placid green hills of Fort Knox, Ky. A full-voiced alarm swept Americans. All summer the U. S. Congress appropriated new billions for defense and in mid-September voted the first peacetime conscription in U. S. history. Uncle Sam, staggering excitedly into his striped defense trousers, promptly got all tangled up in his suspenders.

Meanwhile silence blanketed the continent of Europe. No news came out of the occupied countries, save for underground whisperings, pitiful messages tied to the legs of storks, smuggled out in the memories of a few refugees. But one sound did emerge from this silence. It was the crash of thousands of army boots, hitting the ground together, marching and counter-marching, shaking the ground and air.

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FRENCH HELMETS

ALLIED PRISONERS

GERMAN SOLDIERS IN PARIS

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(continued)

BRITISH WARSHIPS SWEEP THE CHANNEL AND SHELL NAZI-HELD CHERBOURG

BATTLE OF BRITAIN

In August, Hitler had never met a defeat, had not even apparently made a mistake. He promised to take England on the same punctual timetable on which he had done everything else. But a voice arose beyond the Channel. It said: "Hitler knows he will have to break us in this island or lose the war. If we fail, the whole world, including the U. S. and all we know and love, will sink into the abyss of a new dark age. Let us, therefore, address ourselves to our duty, so that if the British Commonwealth and Empire lasts for a thousand years men will still say, 'This was their finest hour.'" Thus the British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill.

LONDON ABOVEGROUND

LONDON FIGHTS FIRES SET BY NAZI INCENDIARY BOMBS EVEN AS A NEW RAIN OF BOMBS SHAKES THE CITY

LONDON UNDERGROUND

IN COLD AND DISCOMFORT FAR BELOW THE HELL ABOVE, LONDON TRIES TO SLEEP IN ITS DEEP SUBWAYS

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There also arose the fighter planes of the Royal Air Force. Day after day, they ripped and raked the waves of German bombers and fighters preparing the way for the invasion of Britain. By mid-September the Germans were beaten and gave up mass bombing by day. There at last was Hitler's first defeat.

The Nazi war of the autumn and winter of 1940, by bomber and submarine, against ships and docks and factories, became a war of raids which threatened to produce the results of a blockade. Raids have never won a war but blockades have won many. What England was trying to do was to keep the greater part of its factories working continuously. The Germans tried to break the assembly lines wherever they could, at the factory, at the port and far out at sea. British shipping losses reached the staggering high of 150,000 tons in a single week. But the British Navy, wrapping the slow strangulation of seapower around continental Europe, still held the seas. Europe was in fact isolated, a huge hungry groaning land whose factories worked only for the German Army.

The British victories at Dunkirk and in the air over England had been purely defensive. At last, toward the end of the year, the hearts of free men all over the world leaped up again. First, the astonishing Greek Army hurled back the invading Italian Army. Then in December, a renovated, mobile British Army smashed the Italians in Egypt and drove them back into Libya. Churchill, who had let his picture be taken sitting humbly and democratically in a railway station (*below*), warned his people not to celebrate. In a fitting year-end comment, he said drily: "I do not recollect that we had any important occasion for rejoicing in the last war, but the people seemed quite pleased at the way it ended."

Once more the British had shown that they knew how to learn from the enemy and they had won the time in which to learn. They had not eliminated the possibility that 1941 might be a year of even more terrible disaster than terrible 1940.

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BUDDY DE SYLVA

Life is not a road of happiness
For anything that lives and grows,
All things struggle on to the sweet repose
All except the rose;
As we make our way through all the cares
And worries that the years disclose,
Tell me, who could help envying the rose?

To some people, these lines may bring a sad picture to mind. In it, the author will appear as a woebegone and disenchanted literateur, burdened by romantic difficulties, financial reverses, congenital depression or all three together. He goes for a walk and finds a little flower in his path. Forlorn but undaunted, the poor wretch then takes up his pen and strikes off seven lines which are all the more touching because they are obviously not destined for inclusion in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

This picture is false. The verses in question are classics as an example of the insincerity of poets in general and song writers in particular.

It was written, for George White's *Scandals* in 1923 by George Gard De Sylva, a little man who has seldom struggled, hates repose, is free from cares or worries and takes no interest, envious or otherwise, in horticulture. B. (for Buddy) G. De Sylva is interesting, not as an example of the uses of adversity, but as a resounding contradiction of all precepts extolling the Spartan life. As such, he has attained a unique success in four branches of his favorite occupation, which can be defined, loosely, as the entertainment industry. His method has been to do everything the easy way, shy away from difficulties and follow, if not a road of happiness, in any case the path of least resistance.

De Sylva's first theatrical success was attained at the age of 4, when, with practically no effort or training, he became a vaudeville star. His grandfather considered this undignified and forced him to retire at the age of 5. By the time De Sylva was 16, his grandfather was dead and he was back in business as a ukulele accompanist, semi-professional master of ceremonies and all-around parlor-and-party menace. His career has rolled along rapidly ever since until now, at the age of 44, he is demonstrably the No. 1 personage in his field.

De Sylva's immediate claim to attention is the fact that he produced Broadway's three outstanding stage and musical shows of 1940. In order of their appearance these were *Du Barry Was a Lady* (LIFE, Dec. 11, 1939), *Louisiana Purchase* (LIFE, June 10) and *Panama Hattie* (LIFE, Oct. 28). Until a few weeks ago, when the first went on tour, all three were playing simultaneously in New York theaters. There was only one other time at which one producer had three musical hits running in New York en masse. The time was the boom year of 1928 and the producer was the celebrated Florenz Ziegfeld.

To compare Ziegfeld's trio with De Sylva's is unfair. In the first place, Ziegfeld's were the crowning achievement of a 20-year career, De Sylva's were the first and only shows he has ever produced. In the second place, Ziegfeld's chief creative contribution to his ventures was the decoration of stage and stars. De Sylva, however, not only directed and financed his own ventures but also took the pains to help write them.

His specialty: perambulator prodigies

De Sylva's absolutely unparalleled success as a New York producer is the more noteworthy because the theater is merely his hobby. His real work is that of Hollywood executive. In Hollywood, De Sylva has functioned for the last eleven years in the little-understood but extremely well-paid position of "associate producer." An associate producer is the boss of the directors, stars, writers and technicians who work on any picture. As such he is responsible for the venture to the head producer who runs the entire studio and may be boss of several associate producers. De Sylva's best contributions to the No. 1 U. S. art form were the best pictures ever made by its best performer, Shirley Temple: *Little Colonel*, *The Littlest Rebel*, *Captain January*, *Poor Little Rich Girl* and *Stowaway*. At the start of this

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MODERN ZIEGFELD CAME UP THE EASY WAY AND PRODUCES HIT SHOWS AS A SIDELINE

by NOEL F. BUSCH

series, Temple was a mere child prodigy, squeaking and scampering through her roles with no more appeal to serious dramatic critics than a Teddy bear on roller skates. At the end of it, monotonously hailed by profound commentators as a rival of Duse and Bernhardt, she was ready to retire with a fortune of more than $3,000,000. Much of the transformation was due to De Sylva who, among other things, is indubitably his country's best developer of female small-fry big shots. The sensation of *Panama Hattie* is an 8-year-old package named Joan Carroll. De Sylva discovered her in Los Angeles, a particularly difficult feat in view of competition caused by the fact that the whole nursery population of that capital considers itself potential star material. Miss Carroll now knows all the roles in *Panama Hattie* and if required to do so could take over that of its star, Miss Ethel Merman.

De Sylva's preparation for the specialty of tutor to perambulator prodigies was acquired in the course of more than a decade spent in Tin Pan Alley, where, though he occasionally turned out innocent laments like *The Life of a Rose*, *A Kiss in the Dark* or *April Showers*, his specialty was the boisterous *double-entendre*. Handy with both words and music, De Sylva provided lyrics for such hits as *Eadie Was a Lady*, *Should I Be Sweet*, *Do It Again*, *You're an Old Smoothie*, *You're the Cream In My Coffee* and *It Won't Be Long Now*, and part of the melodies for items like *Button Up Your Overcoat* and *The Best Things in Life Are Free*. With his favorite collaborators, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson, with whom De Sylva launched a music-publishing firm which they sold to Warner Brothers as part of an $8,000,000 deal in 1930, De Sylva also shares responsibility for such influential items as *Just a Memory*, *It All Depends on You*, *Black Bottom*, *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise*, *Without Love*, *Good For You*, *Bad For Me*, and more than 500 others.

He envies no rose, not even Billy

Like all other sound enterprises, show business operates on the profit motive. De Sylva's position in it is therefore reflected most accurately by his earnings. As producer, he receives abour $2,000 a week from *Hattie*, and about $1,000 from *Purchase* and *Du Barry* (which is currently breaking records on the road). As co-author with Herbert Field of the first and last and with Morris Ryskind of the second, he also gets royalties amounting to $500 a week apiece. He may, in case he chooses to accept it, get about a third of the $150,000 which M-G-M has offered for screen rights to *Purchase* and the larger sums which can be expected for the rights to its successors. As a movie producer at Paramount, where he moved from 20th Century-Fox (which made the Temple series), De Sylva has a contract which will pay him $3,000 a week as long as he wants it. In ASCAP, the organization which distributes profits among song writers in proportion to their deserts, De Sylva, like Irving Berlin and about 50 other top composers of the country, has an AA rating. This means that, unless ASCAP is defeated in its present war with the radio-broadcasting industry, he can count on another $1,200 a month from this source. De Sylva is thrifty and a good businessman. Most of his previous earnings in show business are wisely invested and bring him substantial returns. As of the year 1940, he is thus one of the highest paid showmen in the world and on financial grounds should not envy any rose at all, not even Billy.

What makes the self-pity which De Sylva expressed in 1923 especially shocking is the fact that he not only had no troubles at the time but had had none previously. De Sylva was educated in the school not of hard knocks but of soft words. Outside of a severe bump on the head, which he got by falling out of a wagon when he was playing hooky from school and which left him with a scar of the sort most admired by dueling enthusiasts, De Sylva's ardent pursuit of the course prohibited by copybooks has had only good results.

De Sylva's father, descended from an old and aristocratic Portuguese family, was an actor who eloped with De Sylva's mother, the daughter of the sheriff of Azusa, Calif., when she was 16. They separated in New York two years later, shortly after the appearance of their son. Reared in California, De Sylva got the nickname of Buddy from admirers of Mrs. De Sylva who professed to believe that she was so young that he must be her brother. Still

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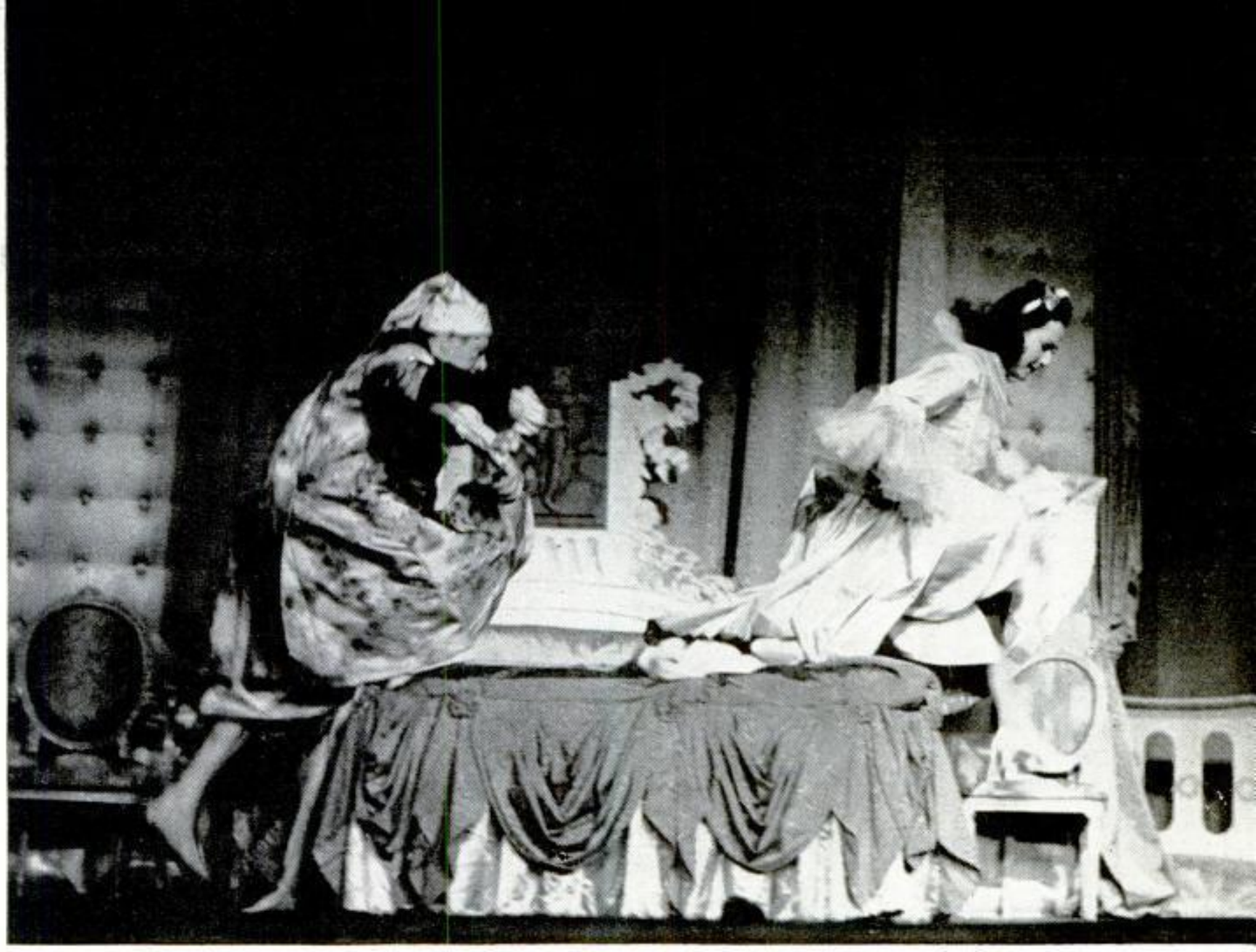


Pursuit with amorous intent is theme of *Du Barry Was a Lady*, first of three current De Sylva musical successes. All are replete with "clean dirt," similar to Tammany's "honest graft," and bawdiness seems merely rambunctious and hilarious when Bert Lahr as Louis XV chases Ethel Merman as Du Barry about the boudoir.

Use of nudity, which has no innuendoes, is part of De Sylva technique, here employed in *Louisiana Purchase*, political satire in which William Gaxton (*right*) tries to frame Victor Moore by planting a girl in his hotel room. Below: chorus scene from *Panama Hattie* adheres to the theme with familiar waterfront girls.

Ethel Merman is one of the many headline stars whom De Sylva has built up. *Panama Hattie* is the first show featuring her alone.

Nina Wayler is one of the numerous show girls glorified by De Sylva. She was a model when he put her in *Du Barry* as a stripper.

Betty Grable was known chiefly as Mrs. Jackie Coogan until De Sylva brought her East as a star in *Du Barry* show.

BUDDY DE SYLVA (continued)

mildly stage-struck after the breakup of her marriage, Mrs. De Sylva was delighted when Buddy hummed songs in his cradle and later showed such talent for imitations that he was offered a contract by the B. F. Keith circuit. When De Sylva's grandfather, whose inherent distaste for theatricals had been heightened by the behavior of De Sylva's father, objected, she thought of other ways to encourage Buddy's obvious bent and, while working as a clerk in the County Recorder's office, scrimped in order to have him subjected to violin lessons.

He advances his career by playing hooky

In California, De Sylva went to the Citrus Union High School. There he paid little attention to his lessons, preferring to read magazines. He spent his afternoons working as a shipping clerk for a Los Angeles department store but this interested him less than listening to phonograph records at the corner music shop, where he often spent many happy moments borrowed from his job. By playing hooky from both school and job, De Sylva found time to write a play. This work, entitled *Nobody Loves a Fat Man*, was presented by the high-school graduating class of 1915 and received with the approval aroused by most other De Sylva entertainments. Its most enthusiastic critic was a college professor who first told De Sylva, somewhat ambiguously, that he ought to continue his education and then introduced him to his daughter who played the ukulele.

De Sylva's violin lessons had done him small good and he could scarcely play a note. When the professor's daughter offered to teach him how to play on her stringed instrument, his musical training appeared in a new light and he picked up the technique quickly. When De Sylva entered U.S.C., his proficiency as an entertainer naturally caused him to be elected to the best fraternity and enabled him to pay his way by singing at parties. At the same time his interests in writing caused him to form an alarming association with an ambitious youth named Carlyle McIntyre who talked to him about poetry, got him elected to all the college literary societies and even persuaded him to collaborate on a blank-verse tragedy modeled on the works of Lord Dunsany.

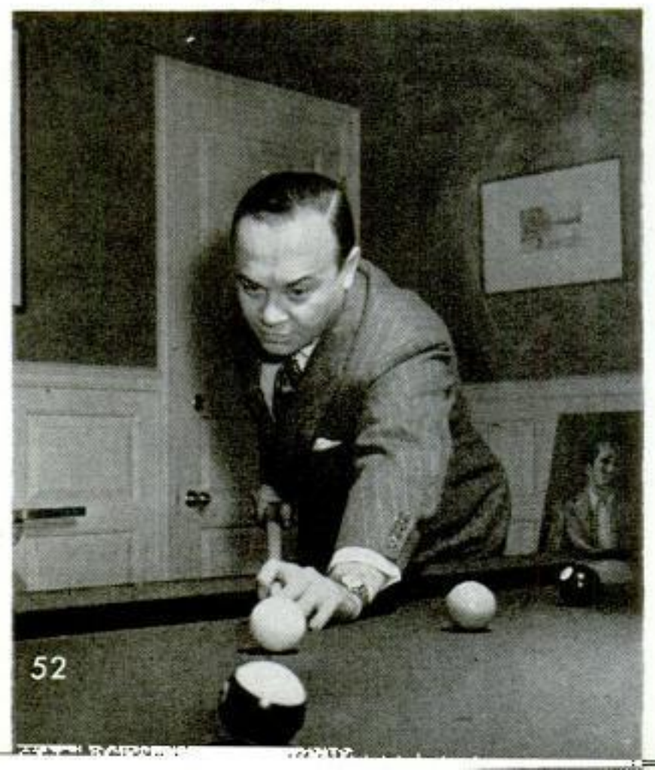
Carlyle McIntyre is now teaching English literature at the University of California at Berkeley. What saved De Sylva from the fate of his classmate was his egocentric habit of lying lazily on the warm beach strumming his ukulele and singing songs of his own composition to a group of lovely California girls. The consequences were inevitable. He was overheard by a boardwalk stroller named Baron Long who was looking for a Hawaiian singer to amuse patrons in one of several night clubs which he later expanded into vast ownings in the West Coast hotel business. De Sylva looks like a Hawaiian. Long, a shrewd judge of talent, was impressed by his obvious talent for crowd-pleasing and offered him a job at $60 a week. Buddy was thus faced with a weighty decision for the first time in his life. In trying to make up his mind whether to go on working his way through college so as to become a writer like Lord Dunsany or whether to sing and play in Hawaiian costume for tips in a night club so as to become a great singer like Al Jolson, he reacted characteristically. First he procrastinated. Then he chose the night club.

With the crucial matter of his life work settled, De Sylva's rise was meteoric. Most night-club singers wait years for recognition. De Sylva had been in Long's night club for less than six months when Al Jolson, a regular patron, adopted him as a protégé, took him to New York, gave him a job and arranged to have one of his songs published. De Sylva's song was a hit and his first royalty check was for $16,000. At this time, the product of a youth so woefully misspent that it should be a beacon of hope to all parents whose offspring seem incorrigible, De Sylva was 22 years old. His income since then has never fallen below $25,000 a year and has averaged several times that much. He has never experienced a day's bad health and even his love life, contrary to all indications contained in his writings, has been an apparent model of simplicity and propriety. One day in 1924 while running over some numbers in Harms, De Sylva was struck by the appearance of a Ziegfeld girl named Marie Wallace who walked through the room. He secured an introduction and paid court to her. Miss Wallace reacted favorably to his suit at once, married him a year later and has devoted herself to his welfare ever since. The De Sylvas are not burdened with a family.

Literary critics ignore song writers

The only sound review of any work of literature is a report on whether or not it fulfills the author's intention. The intention of all song writers is to be popular and if they are not popular they cease to be song writers so that comments from the sidelines are irrelevant. However, the fact that serious critics ignore them by no means indicates that song writers are no good at writing. On the contrary, many of them are first rate and contrive year in and year out to please an audience much bigger and much more alert than the audience which buys non-lyric poetry. Furthermore, since they appeal to a big following, song writers, like William Shakespeare or Buddy De Sylva, have a better chance for literary immortality than ordinary poets. They therefore often get attention from superior critics after they are dead. Future

De Sylva's poolroom is the first room that visitors see entering his home. Up to now his highest run is nine.



In his Beverly Hills home, De Sylva runs through his music scrapbook. The songs for which he has written lyrics or music total several hundred. He forgets the exact figure.

De Sylva the Artist paints in oils in made-over servant's room. Visible at right is a self-portrait.

Shirley Temple was just a cute little girl until De Sylva glorified her in *Little Colonel, Littlest Rebel,* many other movies.

Vera Zorina was a well-known dancer when De Sylva applied his Ziegfeld technique and made her equally famous as a comedienne.

Joan Carroll, 8, is the newest De Sylva Girl, now making a hit in *Panama Hattie.* Resemblance to Temple hurt her in Hollywood.

critics of De Sylva's work will be able to detect in it a striving not only to please the public but also to express his inner urges in true poetic style.

De Sylva is fascinated by liquid in various forms. If not writing about a waterfall, a cup of coffee with cream, or an April shower, he is comparing his inamorata to Worcestershire sauce, or advancing theories about the interior condition of cloud formations. The first song De Sylva wrote, which became a hit when published years later, was called *Minnie the Mermaid,* an item which may connect with the fact that Ethel Merman has been the star of both *Du Barry Was a Lady* and *Panama Hattie,* one of which concerns a gentlemen's washroom while the other concerns U. S. seapower. De Sylva's private life of course reflects the same interest. Among his other reasons for playing hooky as a child was his enthusiasm for diving for coins in Catalina harbor. He pursued this livelihood despite the fact that other coin divers had formed a juvenile union. The severe duckings they gave him caused an injury to his left eardrum which, like Milton's blindness, has been an incentive to him. De Sylva is now supposed to be the only producer in Hollywood who has no swimming pool. Instead, however, already equipped with one house in Los Angeles, he built an extra one nearby, right next to the Pacific Ocean which is the largest body of water in the world.

For the last decade De Sylva has done little song writing because it is more economical to have other song writers like Cole Porter or Irving Berlin work for him. Believing, though, that his musical comedies depend primarily on a story that will hold the audience's interest, De Sylva does not dare entrust this writing chore to anyone else. Inspiration rarely comes to De Sylva when he is alone. He is a gregarious individual and likes to create in jolly company. The method he followed in composing the libretto for *Panama Hattie* was typical. De Sylva and Herbert Fields, his collaborator in *Du Barry Was a Lady,* found themselves chatting about a number in this show called *Katie Went to Haiti.* The scene of this conference was cottage No. 14 in the Samarkand Hotel in Santa Barbara, Calif., chosen superstitiously because it was the same one in which they had written their first hit. Fields thought Ethel Merman was so good in the *Katie Went to Haiti* number that maybe it could be expanded into a whole new Merman show. De Sylva agreed and suggested that they might give Katie a daughter. . . . Said Fields: "It would be wrong. In Haiti, people would think the daughter would be colored. Let's keep this one clean."

De Sylva: That's right. A dirty show doesn't make you anything but bad friends.

Fields: What about Panama?

De Sylva: That's terrific. It's even a news angle.

Fields: Who would we get?

De Sylva: Merman.

Fields: Merman? A mother?

De Sylva: Why not?

Fields: Let's call Merman and tell her.

Playwriting is friendly business

Reached by telephone in New York and informed that she was to be withdrawn from the cast of *Du Barry* and cast as a mother in an unwritten and untitled De Sylva-Fields show, Miss Merman kept her approval within bounds, replying: "O.K. boys, anything you say." Fields and De Sylva resumed their creative efforts.

De Sylva: When Temple is through at Fox, we might get her for the kid.

Fields: That's it. That's marvelous.

De Sylva: We might make the girl a G-Girl who pretends to be a tramp in order to hear things.

Fields: Should she be engaged? How would it be if we have the kid split them up instead of bringing them together in the end? It would be new!

De Sylva: That's it. The couple is sold on each other! Then the kid comes in and undermines the whole thing.

Fields: But both the girl and the kid must be right. Otherwise, one will be heavy.

De Sylva: Listen. Ethel has bad taste. She has good intentions but bad taste. A girl with bad taste but a heart of gold. The kid objects—naturally. Eventually, they fix it up.

It took De Sylva and Fields one hour of conversation to outline and two weeks of writing to complete *Panama Hattie.* De Sylva then invited Cole Porter to write the songs, called in his business agent A. L. Berman to sign contracts with the actors including Carroll at $250 a week as a substitute for Temple, conferred with his scene designer, Raoul Pène De Bois, arranged to extend his lease on the 46th Street Theater and set about running rehearsals. The show was budgeted for $100,000 and brought into New York for $107,000. There was a fight between a columnist and a rival producer on opening night and a sunburst of critical notices the next morning. The job of the press agent, Nat Dorfman, was further simplified when Ethel Merman and William Smith, agent for Arthur Treacher, featured in the cast, renewed an old acquaintance by getting married three weeks after the premiere. By this time the show was an obvious smash and De Sylva was ready to return to Hollywood. Punctilious about appointments, he agreed last May to take over his new duties at Paramount on Nov. 15. He appeared at the studio at 9 a.m. on that day and by noon was working on his next picture, *Caught in the Draft,* starring Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour.

The formula for successful musical-comedy writing and producing as discovered by De Sylva is by

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

In his Paramount office, De Sylva cocks feet on desk planning a new picture, *Caught in the Draft.*

Trio of producers includes Buddy De Sylva's two best friends, Dave Butler (*center*) and Leo McCarey (*right*). They have been friends, incessantly ribbed each other, for years.

De Sylva plays gin rummy, current Hollywood fad. Art collection includes this Renoir, two Van Goghs.

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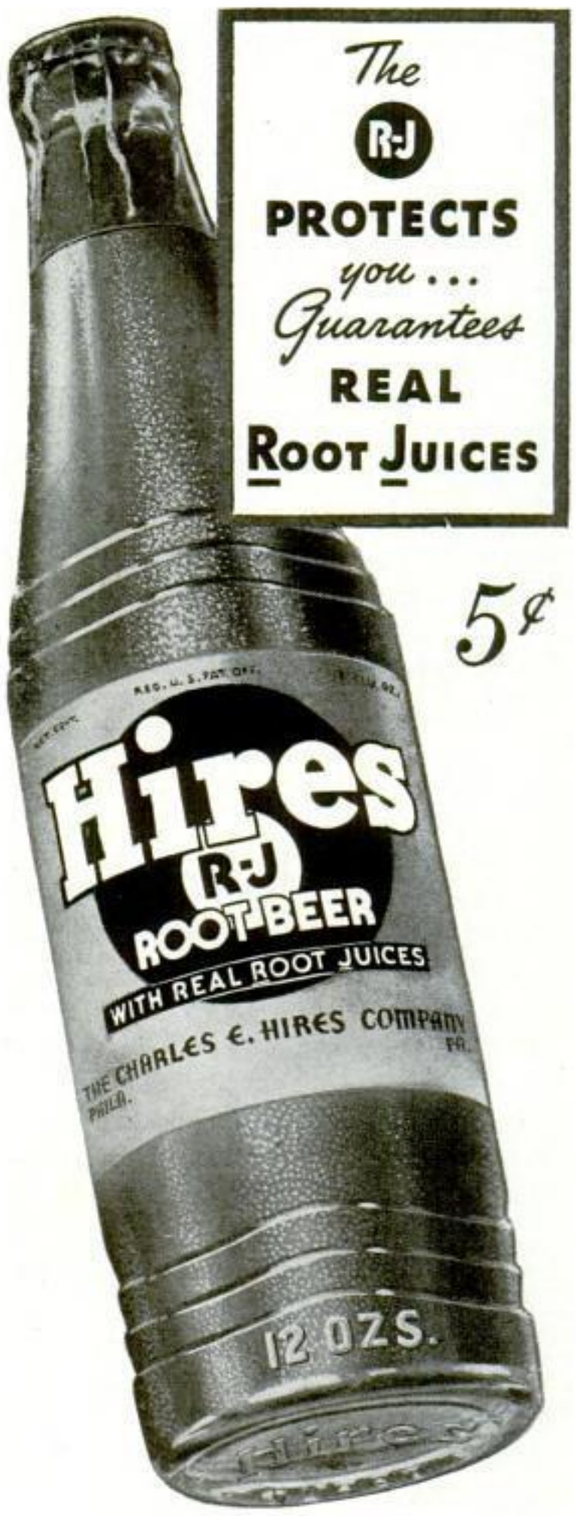

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BUDDY DE SYLVA (continued)

no means as simple as it looks but, like De Sylva songs, De Sylva drama contains certain recognizable ingredients which in part at least explain his success. Everyone knows what is meant by a Ziegfeld girl or even an aqua-belle but no one has ever heard of a Buddy Gard De Sylva girl. De Sylva delegates the selection and undressing of show girls to Robert Alton, his dance director, and concentrates on play writing. No critic has ever paid the story of a musical comedy any higher compliment than to say that it does not get in the way. This is merely another way of saying *ars est celare artem* and it is the bright hallmark of a De Sylva story that the audience is practically unaware of it. In his plays as in his poems De Sylva probes into the deeper human instincts. Instead of lavender and lace, his musical comedies have scenes of universal human interest like beds, usually over-populated ones. With James Joyce, Defoe, Proust and many other masters, he perceives the dramatic values of the bordello and in his three hit shows exhibits Louis XV, a U. S. senator and the Navy in such surroundings. De Sylva's child stars lend a note of grace to his backgrounds and prevent them from seeming sordid.

While in New York, De Sylva usually lives alone in a modest three-room suite at the Plaza. He gets around town by taxi or on foot, never has a cocktail before lunch and smokes three or four packages of Chesterfields a day. Short, swarthy, brisk and well-dressed, he nowadays looks as young as he did when performing in Baron Long's cabaret, and even more like a Hawaiian. His round, slightly jowled face is remarkable chiefly for the grin which, due to his carefree life and sunny disposition, has become a permanent fixture of it. Unlike most theatrical people, De Sylva is not given to bickering, snarling and grudge-nursing. The only noteworthy feud in his theatrical career was one with Ziegfeld which started when De Sylva was working for him. Ziegfeld, finding one of his stars too drunk to go on stage, unreasonably blamed De Sylva and chased him downstairs. De Sylva forgave Ziegfeld and proved his sincerity by contributing, with Jerome Kern, the appropriate hit song of *Sally, Look for the Silver Lining.*

Hollywood treats De Sylva meanly

De Sylva's experience in Hollywood has been satisfactory although, like some other geniuses, he has not been fully appreciated there. His salary, though good compared to New York or rural salaries, is a Hollywood pittance. Years ago, in order to enhance his ego, he was forced to take up painting, in sloppy oils. De Sylva's best paintings are a self-portrait and a portrait of his friend Leo McCarey, the director, in which McCarey's head is too big for his body. Applying the same principle that he used in publishing, as well as writing songs, De Sylva also collects paintings and owns a gallery of works by Van Gogh, Renoir and Manet. Neither in Hollywood nor New York do the De Sylvas entertain much or cause commotion in cafe society.

Hollywood cafe society is indescribable. New York cafe society is divided into two branches. East Side cafe society, which is composed of semi-solvent refugees, parvenus and Lucius Beebe, meets in foreign-name establishments on one side of town. West Side cafe society, which is composed of semi-solvent actors, sportsmen and Louis Sobol, meets in native-name establishments on the other side. De Sylva is a pillar of West Side cafe society. He has a one-room office on Fifth Avenue but conducts most of his business as well as social life while sitting at the fourth table from the bar on the left side of Dinty Moore's cafe which is within a hundred yards of the theaters housing his shows. De Sylva likes Moore's food. Moore likes De Sylva for two reasons. The first is that De Sylva gave Rags Raglund, an old friend of Moore's, a fine part in *Panama Hattie*. The other is that De Sylva's shows have trebled the business at his restaurant, what with dinner trade, quick drinks in the entr'acte and dates kept by members of the cast when the show is over. Until De Sylva left town, Moore counted the house for him every night, letting him know how many standees there were before he finished his coffee.

Cole Porter, selected by De Sylva as melodist for *Hattie* and *Du Barry* because he is a song writer's songwriter as Shelley was a poet's poet, is an outstanding member of East Side cafe society, which seldom mixes with West Side cafe society. Porter and De Sylva however, are good friends and admire each other's work. When Porter came to rehearsals alone, they often held amiable conferences about how Porter's songs should be sung. When Porter brought his friends, they sat shyly in another part of the theater. On one

DE SYLVA WAS IN VAUDEVILLE AT AGE OF 4

DE SYLVA WROTE LYRICS FOR ZIEGFELD'S SHOW

SONG-WRITING TEAM OF DE SYLVA (RIGHT)

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MRS. DE SYLVA WAS ONCE A ZIEGFELD GIRL

"SALLY," STARRING MARILYN MILLER (CENTER)

BROWN & HENDERSON POSE WITH DAVE BUTLER

occasion, spying De Sylva, an ignorant member of Porter's party mistook him for a performer and asked if he was going to sing *Kalua*.

The closest thing to a serious maladjustment that can be discerned in De Sylva is the fact that, despite his wealth, he is not much interested in either making or spending money, but like all other artists, is primarily interested in getting appreciation from his peers. Mishaps like being mistaken for a Hawaiian show how little luck he has had in this respect. Long before he had three hits on Broadway, for instance, Ziegfeld had been canonized as a national celebrity and his demise was commemorated by a movie called, with no intent at satire, *The Great Ziegfeld*. No one has ever spoken of Buddy De Sylva as "the great" and this causes him a mild chagrin.

His name has robbed him of fame

De Sylva's lack of fame may be due partly to his name. A generous quota of Hollywood and Broadway characters are called Buddy. De Sylva is unique but people are forever getting it mixed up with Silver, Silvers, Silverstone, Silverberg, Silverman, Silverson and Silverstein, all patronyms popular among the elite of show business. It may also be due in part to the undeniable fact that De Sylva has been so busy in so many lines of work that a great many people take it for granted that De Sylva the song writer and publisher, De Sylva the playwright, De Sylva the Hollywood executive and De Sylva the Broadway producer are several people, probably brothers.

How De Sylva will solve this problem cannot be predicted. As a producer who, unlike hit-or-miss operators, can bat out home runs with a 100% average, he could obviously take over a real-estate monopoly on the New York theater industry, which is top-heavy with vacant auditoriums. He could also, if he wanted to, promote himself from semi-dependent producer to chief producer of a movie studio in Hollywood. Both would involve great effort. De Sylva, more interested in attention than in money beyond his present means, has no desire to do either. On the other hand, he does not want to be a serious writer. Among the magazines which De Sylva read when he should have been studying his school books were many issues of the old *Smart Set*. De Sylva conceived a vast admiration for its brilliant editor, the late Willard Huntington Wright who became famous as S. S. Van Dine, the detective-story writer. When De Sylva arrived in New York and became a rich young lyricist, he found Wright down on his luck. Thinking that proximity with such a great mind might painlessly improve his own, De Sylva invited him to share a house in Greenwich Village. Wright gave De Sylva his insight into painting and many other intellectual enjoyments but any chance that he would induce him to reconsider serious writing as a profession was destroyed one night when the two friends were enjoying a roast-beef dinner. De Sylva said something about how good it tasted. Wright, a connoisseur of derivations as well as victuals, nodded his head and replied: "Beef comes from the French *boeuf*. Cooked meats have names distinct from those of the animals which furnish them because when the Normans invaded England in the 11th Century, they brought their chefs with them." This remark impressed De Sylva. It seemed to him to show that, in order to become a serious writer, one had to acquire a vast store of miscellaneous erudition and he closed his mind to the prospect forever.

If De Sylva's fame is disproportionately small, his present influence on the theatrical entertainment is disproportionately large. The success of *Du Barry Was a Lady* was instrumental in persuading two other Broadway notables of the 1920's, Al Jolson and Ed Wynn, to return to the musical-comedy field this year. The success of Wynn's show, Jolson's show and De Sylva's two new shows, has so far been the chief feature of the current New York season. Broadway has long since been a tryout town for the more expensive field of Hollywood, just as New Haven, Boston and Baltimore are tryout towns for New York. Consequently, expert prophets now predict a wave of Hollywood musicals for which De Sylva, both as stage producer and movie producer, can be held responsible. If further grounds were needed for considering 1940 a De Sylva year in show business, they can be found in the odd coincidence that one of its most durable song hits is *Wishing*. *Wishing* is a number for which De Sylva composed both words and music in 1924 and which Leo McCarey dragged off the shelves and put into his picture *Love Affair*. In it De Sylva, the poet, offers good advice:

Just imagine that you are back in childhood's day
Wishing on the evening star or a load of hay.
It worked wonders for you then, who knows why or how?
Though you're older, try again, it can help you now.

No more "five o'clock lisp"!

SECRETARY: I thay, Mithter Thimpthon, thith ith TOO muth!

BOSS: Why, Mith — I mean, Miss Pennyfeather, I didn't know you lisped —

SECRETARY: I don't, thir—I've jutht licked all your envelopeth and my tongue ith *tortured!*

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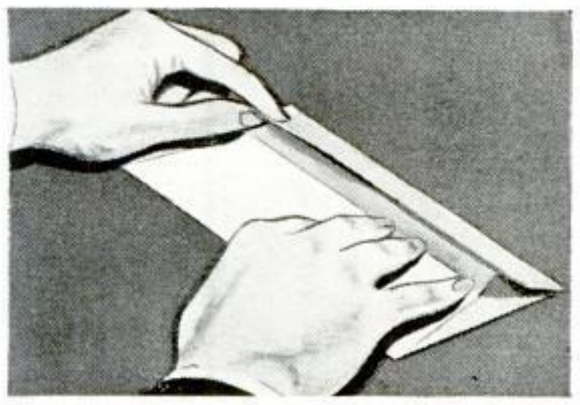

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SELF-SEAL ENVELOPES

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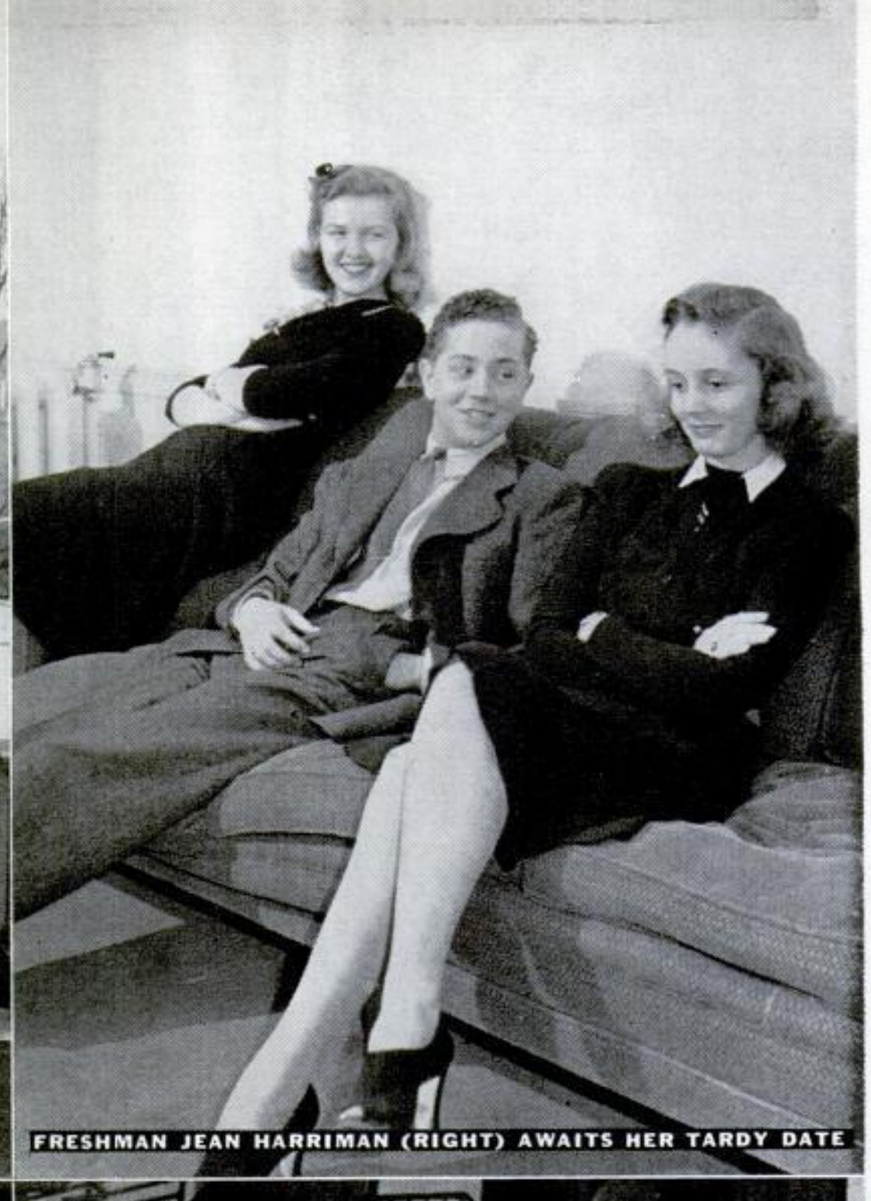
SMITH GIRL GREETS COLGATE BOY AT RAILROAD STATION

GIRLS POSE ON CUSHING HOUSE TERRACE ABOVE THE QUAD



FRESHMAN JEAN HARRIMAN (RIGHT) AWAITS HER TARDY DATE

IN CUSHING HOUSE COUPLES TEA-DANCE TO PHONOGRAPH

CUSHING HOUSE PARTY DINES AT FAMED WIGGINS TAVERN

MARTHA ADAMS PAYS CHECK. ESCORT PAYS NO ATTENTION

330 COUPLES DANCE TILL MIDNIGHT IN THE GYMNASIUM

GIRL AND BOY STROLL AROUND PARADISE POND AFTER BALL

COUPLES BREAKFAST IN THE QUAD SHOPPE SUNDAY MORNING

Life Spends a Weekend at Smith College

Girls pay boys' expenses & shun flowers at Winter Ball

Just before the nation's colleges packed their students home for Christmas holidays, LIFE's Photographer Eric Schaal called at Smith in Northampton, Mass., and passed an agreeable and bracing weekend with some 330 girls and their assorted dates. The weekend of Dec. 9 was not the most important on Smith's social calendar. But it was a good one, distinguished by a formal dance, snow on the campus and anticipation of Christmas. To many a student at Harvard and Dartmouth, a gentle weekend such as this often is more welcome than the fussier excitement of an important prom.

By car and by train, the men began arriving at Northampton early Saturday afternoon. Most of them headed at once for florists and purchased gardenia corsages. These the girls wore tea-dancing (to phonograph records) and at dinner. But to the Charity Ball that night they wore none. Traditionally, proceeds from Smith's pre-Christmas Charity Ball go into a community chest. Hence girls are expected to eschew the self-indulgence of flowers. They paid all their escorts' expenses (average: $15 a boy), took them to dinner at Wiggins Tavern, famed Northampton eating place; fed them cookies and cokes at the dance. On Sunday they lolled around, picnicked, had fun in the snow. By evening there wasn't a man in the place.

Smith freshman, Jo Israel, of Pelham, N. Y., shapes the head of a snow man after barbecue lunch on athletic field Sunday afternoon. Sculpture soon gave way to snow fight (*see below*).

A FROSTY FACIAL IS ADMINISTERED TO JUNIOR HELEN WAITE BY HOUSEMATES KAY SCHACHT AND KAY HENNEBERY, AND ROBERT GORMAN OF DARTMOUTH

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Sparring in snow, Freshman Kay Schacht, 18, and her escort, Robert Gorman, 20, shake down lunch. Handsome Dartmouthman Gorman, cross-country runner, was well rushed at dance.

A cold rub puts rosebuds in the cheeks of Ben Lampton, Princeton junior. The masseuse is Helen Waite, 19, from Kew Gardens, N.Y., an active member of the Smith College Christian Association.

Hamburger and beans nourish Freshman Betty O'Keefe, of Annapolis, who finds it wise to keep her mittens on at lunch.

Spaghetti slithers softly into Freshman Debbie Jones of Washington Crossing, Pa. who enjoys lunch without her mittens.

Pepsi-Cola washes down Freshman Jean Harriman's hotdog. Her escort was captain of Amherst's freshman football team.

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In Cushing House, one of the newest dormitories, Kay Schacht and Robert Gorman relax before saying goodby at party's end. Below: Sunday night after the men have gone, Cushing House girls gather in the living room of Housemother Mrs. Annette Makay Pyle and hash over the merits and idiosyncrasies of their respective dates.

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

VASSAR TRIAD

Sirs:

Apropos of your story of refugees in America (LIFE, Dec. 16) this picture shows two young descendants of the old French Huguenot Vasseur family who have found haven at Vassar College. Above them hangs a portrait of their collateral ancestor, Matthew Vassar, founder of the college.

Liliane Vasseur (*left*) represents the French branch. A daughter of Pierre Vasseur, former General Secretary of the International Chamber of Commerce, she fled shortly after the fall of France and came to America under the auspices of President Thomas J. Watson of International Business Machines. Mr. Watson enrolled her as a Vassar freshman.

Christine Vassar (*right*) represents the English branch, founded in the 17th Century when Huguenot Vasseurs fled to England from the persecution of French Catholics. Several generations later the family emigrated to America, where Matthew Vassar founded Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. in 1861. Christine's mother, a London librarian, sent her to the U. S. last August and she is now living in the home of Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar.

CROSWELL BOWEN

New York, N. Y.

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